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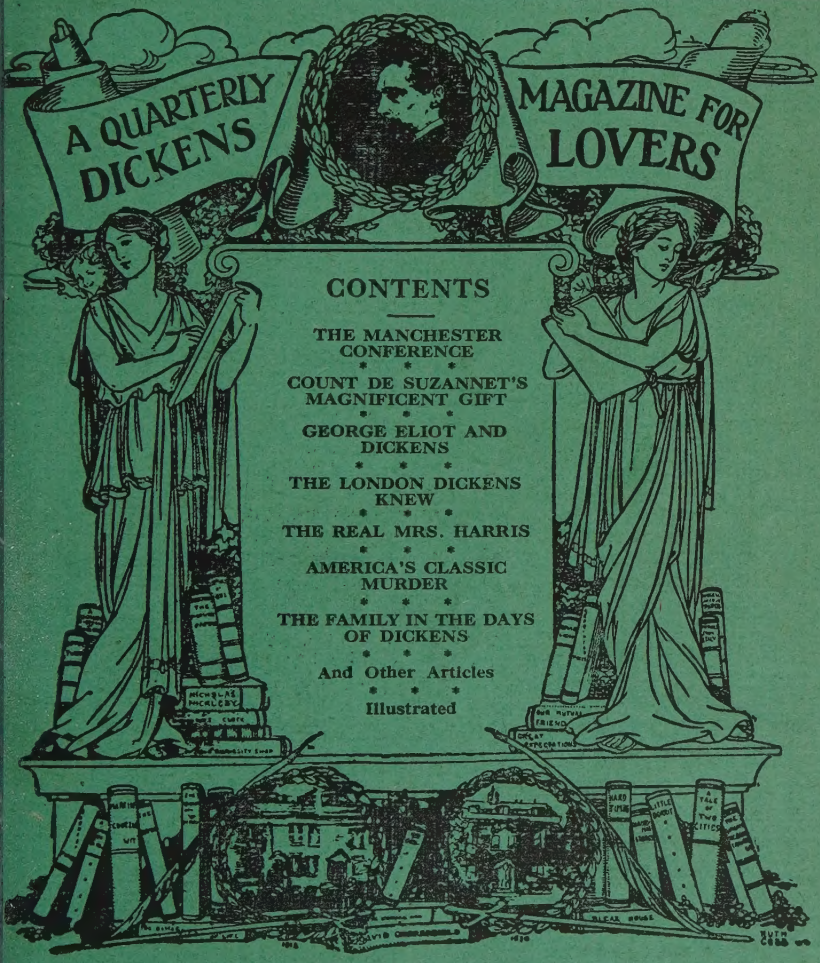

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THE FAMILY IN THE DAYS OF DICKENS

And Other Articles

Illustrated

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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AUTUMN
VOL. XXXIV. 1938 No. 248

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

The Dickensian . . . is a monument if you like ; the continued prosperity of this periodical is a finer testimony to the glory and honour of its subject than any bronze or marble could be.

Such was the unsolicited tribute made by the late E. V. Lucas, C.H., in the course of an article in " The Sunday Times " six years ago. Almost one of the last articles he wrote for that paper—to which he contributed regularly for many years, was entitled " Authenticated Boz," and now he has been called upon to join the glorious host and we shall miss his friendly, facile pen, and his ever-ready help for everything connected with Dickens. Especially do we hold him in memory for the whole-hearted appreciation of this magazine, expressed on many occasions other than the one from which we quote.

* * * * *

Cruickshank on the Brain. Mr. John Betjeman, writing on " Settings, Costumes, Backgrounds " in " Footnotes to the Film," edited by Charles Daly, published by Lovat Dickson, 1937, says that " B.I.P.'s version of *The Old Curiosity Shop* contained some shots which were the best Dickensian scenes yet reproduced, particularly that of the old village church in the closing scene. This had the quality of a three-dimensional Cruikshank drawing," and later, " In *The Old Curiosity Shop* the art director brought to life a Cruikshank drawing."

According to the " Contributor's Who's Who " which forms an appendix to this book, Mr. Betjeman was formerly the film critic of an important London newspaper ; and has written a book about the decline of architecture in England. An art critic should surely be able to recognise without any difficulty the difference between the work of

George Cruikshank and that of George Cattermole. We can hardly imagine a literary critic of any standing referring to the scene of the Duchess of Richmond's ball as that described in *Becky Sharp* by Charles Dickens; but we may yet live to see it!

* * * * *

Believe It or Not. At a little shop in Blundeston one can purchase postcards of the Rectory there, marked "The Birthplace of Charles Dickens"; and the old lady selling them knows very much better than you do when you tell her that such is quite an erroneous supposition.

* * * * *

The Immortal Mr. Slum. Mr. Slum, the poet of the wax-work, has indeed risen from his obscurity; not only did he form the subject of Mr. Wilfred Partington's article in the last *Dickensian* but that publicity brought him to the notice of "The Times" with the result that they devoted a leading article to him on the sixty-eighth anniversary of Dickens's death.

* * * * *

Cricket. Another note on Cricket is provided by Mr. James Davis, a retired overseer of the Post Office, now living in Cheltenham. In 1867 he was a postman on the beat which included the office of *All The Year Round* in Wellington Street. He recalls conveying a letter from the Controller to Dickens asking that a team of Post Office cricketers might play a match against a Gad's Hill team. The match was arranged. Dickens was the scorer, and his son, Henry Fielding, captained the home team. It is unfortunate that the result of the match is unrecorded. Probably by 1867 Dickens had learned more about the game than he knew in 1836 when *Pickwick* was written.

* * * * *

Refreshing. Whilst some English critics appear to delight in expressing their opinion that certain Russian writers take first place among the world's novelists, it is refreshing to come across the following statement in an article on "French Literature To-day," by Edmond Jaloux, of the French Academy, in "The Times," 19th July. He is referring to the writers of "romans-fleuves": "The majority of these saga-novels have lacked that fine exuberance of emotion and poetic sensibility which enables us to read Dickens again and again with a new zest in each perusal."

* * * * *

Lady Dickens. Lady Dickens desires me to correct the note to the effect that she was a French woman which appeared in the press at the time she received Count de Suzannet's gift from the French Ambassador. Certainly her father, Antonin Roche, was French; but he lived in England for sixty years; Lady Dickens was born in North Audley Street, London, and except for short holidays in France has never lived in that country.

* * * * *

Temperance; A Correction. A Balham reader points out an error in my concluding note on page 156, which I am pleased to correct. The

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Bath " Swarry " was not held at a tavern but at a greengrocer's shop. It was a foolish slip on my part, but this truth lends emphasis to my remarks ; although the party was not held on licensed premises, that did not prevent the guests from indulging in alcoholic liquor.

WALTER DEXTER.

MR. PICKWICK IN TIMBERLAND

THROUGH the courtesy of the Polish State Forests we have received a copy of a beautifully-produced booklet advertising their " L. Eagle P." timber for parquet floors, published in Warsaw last Christmas for distribution to a few of the friends of the Polish State Forests. The shelves of the Dickens House are eloquent of the favour in which the works of Dickens are regarded in Poland, and the object of the booklet is to present in permanent form the clever series of drawings made by Mr. Elias Kanarek. Here we encounter Sam Weller polishing the floors of Mr. Pickwick's house, and relishing the task, because they are of the " L. Eagle P." brand. " Bil Stumps His Mark " appears as the trade mark of the State Forestry under the skilful pencil of Mr. Kanarek ; and we encounter Mr. Pickwick in many other well-known situations eulogising the strength and beauty of this particular timber.

Not the least interesting part of the little book is the preface contributed by Mr. James Laver with a first-rate account of the genesis of *Pickwick* and the rise to fame of Dickens. Mr. Laver's concluding paragraph struck us as particularly happy and ingenious. " But what, it may still be asked," he says, " has all this to do with Poland and Polish timber ? The mere posing of such a question implies a most inadequate acquaintance with the resources of the Pickwickian intellect. The man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead and agitated the scientific world with the Theory of Tittlebats was equal to any scientific enquiry."

A STRAIGHT TALK FROM BRISBANE'S PRESIDENT

DR. R. HAMLYN-HARRIS, in giving his second Presidential Address to the Brisbane Branch recently, said that the certainty that the Dickens spirit pervaded the branch was evinced by the extraordinary success which greeted the Christmas Party held the previous December. But it remained a mystery to him, firstly, why the actual membership of the branch was so small, and why comparatively so few of the so-called intellectual men and women of Queensland ever, or very rarely, were seen inside its doors ; and, secondly, why the support by the members of their own magazine, *The Dickensian*, was so scanty. Dr. Hamlyn-Harris referred to this publication as a remarkably successful one, which he always found most useful and inspiring, and he regretted that more of the members did not assess their own magazine at its true value. He strongly urged more frequent visits from kindred societies, and an endeavour to enrol as members all the many people whom he knew were interested in such work as the Fellowship stood for. The President went on to say that much as he regretted having to mention such matters in a Presidential Address, he felt impelled to do so lest they laboured under a false impression that they were all sufficient in themselves.

SAYINGS FROM *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*

There's genteel comedy in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh. You'll do as well as if you had thought of nothing else but lamps, from your birth downwards.

VINCENT CRUMMLES.

* * * * *

They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner.

MRS. SQUEERS.

* * * * *

I've only been a married man fower days, 'account of poor old feyther deein' and puttin' it off. Here be a weddin' party—broide and broide's maid and the groom—if a mun dean't 'joy himsel noo, when ought he, hey ? Drat it all, thot's what I want to know.

JOHN BROWDIE.

* * * * *

She's half a witch, I think. But she's very frugal and she's very deaf. Her living costs me next to nothing ; and it's no use her listening at keyholes ; for she can't hear. She's a charming woman—for the purpose ; a most discreet old house-keeper, and worth her weight in—copper.

ARTHUR GRIDE.

* * * * *

Basely and falsely eloped with a half-pay captain. With a bottle-nosed captain, that any man might have considered himself safe from. It was in this room that I first see Henrietta Petowker. It is in this room that I turn her off, for ever.

MR. LILLYVICK.

* * * * *

I am sure I don't know, but I have heard that two or three dozen native lobsters give an appetite, though that comes to the same thing after all, for I suppose you must have an appetite before you can take 'em. If I said lobsters, I meant oysters, it's all the same.

MRS. NICKLEBY.

* * * * *

The unities of the drama before everything. . . . The unities, sir, are a completeness—a kind of a universal dovetailedness with regard to place and time—a sort of a general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression.

MR. CURDLE.

* * * * *

Always hope ; that's a dear boy. Never leave off hoping, it don't answer. . . . Don't leave a stone unturned. It's always something to know you've done the most you could. But don't leave off hoping, or it's of no use doing anything. Hope, hope to the last !

NEWMAN NOGGS.

* * * * *

What with the nursing of a healthy babby, and the reflections upon your cruel conduct, four pints of malt liquor a day is hardly able to sustain her.

MR. KENWIGS.

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A PRINCELY DONATION

MUNIFICENT GIFT TO THE DICKENS HOUSE

Count de Suzannet

COUNT DE SUZANNET—already the prince of donors to the Dickens House—has presented sixty pages of priceless manuscript. This consists of the whole of Chapter IX of *Nicholas Nickleby*, thirty-nine pages of the author's handwriting, together with *The Schoolboy's Story* (10 pages), and *Our Commission* (11 pages).

It was felt that so generous a gift must be honoured by a public presentation; unfortunately the Count could not make the journey to England for the purpose, but was willing that His Excellency the French Ambassador should act on his behalf. The Lord Mayor of London very kindly consented to the presentation being made in the Mansion House, although it was necessary that the number of guests should be limited to sixty.

The ceremony took place on Friday, July 8th. Mr. Walter Dexter occupied the Chair. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. S. J. Rust, explained the nature of the gift, and read the following letter from Count de Suzannet :—

"Since the trustees of the Dickens House and the Council of the Dickens Fellowship decided it would be advisable to organise an official function on the occasion of my gift, it would have given me great pleasure to present it in person. Unfortunately the state of my health makes it impossible for me to travel and especially forbids my taking part in any ceremony of a public character. The formal presentation by the French Ambassador and the acceptation of the manuscripts by Lady Dickens on behalf of the Dickens House carry a signification that no individual gesture could ever attain; the honour to Dickens's memory, the tribute to the great work accomplished by the Fellowship and the heads of the Dickens House should have the happiest results in the furthering of the objects we are all interested in. Every Dickensian should serve the Fellowship and help the Dickens House according to his means and in the best of his endeavour. I shall be with you in spirit next Friday. If you have reason to mention my name, I will be most grateful if you couple it with the following sentiment, " Frenchman who has the welfare of the Dickens Fellowship at heart feels deeply honoured that a gift of his to the Dickens House should receive such recognition. We know that in his writings, in his speeches, in his private and

public life, Charles Dickens was the real pioneer of the Entente Cordiale. How happily to-day his spirit must be watching the ever closer understanding of England and France and their joint striving after the ideals which were ever his. How happily his spirit must welcome under the roof where some of his masterpieces were penned the joint presence of the Ambassador of the French People and of the Eminent Lady who so nobly bears his immortal name."

His Excellency the French Ambassador (Monsieur Corbin) then paid the following tribute to Dickens:

"C'est avec grand plaisir que j'ai répondu à l'invitation qui m'a été faite par le Comité des Amis de Dickens et que j'ai accepté d'assister à la Cérémonie organisée aujourd'hui à Mansion House à l'occasion du don fait à Dickens House par un de mes compatriotes, M. le Comte de Suzannet. Il m'a semblé, en effet, que ce don avait la valeur d'un témoignage d'exceptionnelle gratitude de la part d'un Français qui sait ce que le public et les lettres de son pays doivent à l'oeuvre et à la mémoire de Charles Dickens. Je crois bien qu'il est peu d'auteurs étrangers dont les livres soient en France aussi connus, appréciés et aimés. Je ne dis pas que sa popularité y ait été aussi grande que dans les pays anglo-saxons. C'est aux Etats-Unis, je crois, qu'un enfant, à qui on apprenait la mort du grand écrivain, disait avec consternation: 'Est-ce que le père Noël va mourir aussi?' Mais il est indéniable qu'au moment où commençait à fléchir l'éclatante renommée de Lord Byron et de Walter Scott qui avaient été l'objet d'un culte passionné de la part de nos grands romantiques, la France, celle de Louis-Philippe et du Second Empire, a témoigné d'une admiration enthousiaste pour les Papiers du Pickwick Club, pour David Copperfield, pour Oliver Twist et tant d'autres romans dont les traductions étaient lues avec une faveur que bien des auteurs français de talent auraient pu jalouser."

The Ambassador, at this point of his speech, proceeded in English:

"Furthermore, the success of Dickens in France was not limited to his books. In the course of frequent visits to France when he stayed in the little house of the Rue de Courcelles which he described as being something between a 'doll's house, "shades" and a haunted castle,' or in the apartment on the Champs-Elysées from whence the view seemed to him 'so delightfully cheerful,' the celebrated writer was received and fêted in all the most famous salons and came in contact with the most important literary personalities of the day. He certainly met, only to mention the greatest among them, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine, who while attending a dinner, paid him so many compliments that Dickens, as he told us, nearly choked himself with a chicken bone! Past master in that art of conversation which in Paris counts more than birth or fortune, by turns brilliant and sensitive, caustic and profound, he knew, while feeling more and more at his ease, how to make himself loved and appreciated personally, in the same measure as was his work.

"It must not be supposed however that he had nothing but praise for what he saw in France. He had too great a sense of caricature

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not to use his talent at the expense of the French. He has pictured in his novels certain types of Frenchmen who bear a closer resemblance to the satyric and conventional figures that one imagines a neighbouring people to be than to reality.

" A little supercilious, yet amused, seeking moreover less to penetrate the depths of French life than to savour the light froth which covers its surface, determined to plunge, as he said, ' dans toutes les fêtes et les diableries de Paris,' he was none the less sensitive to the irresistible attraction of the Gay City. While criticising it, he intensely enjoyed the marvellous life of the Second Empire. Certain of his impressions of Paris, drawn with a nimble pen and which are veritable pictures, bear witness to the great pleasure that he felt in it.

" It is an instructive example and, I may add, a comforting one, to see how, after having been often shocked by our customs and our habits, Dickens, little by little modified his opinion, and freeing himself of his prejudices came to feel that frank sympathy which he expressed signing one of his letters to his friend John Forster ' Francais Naturalisé et citizen de Paris.'

" And yet, in what great measure does this ' naturalised Frenchman ' call to our minds the typical qualities and characteristics of the English national temperament, with his deeply human feelings and his brotherly pity for the humble, allied to an ever-present sense of humour and the most realistic spirit ! That this perfect representative of British realism and sensibility, English to the bone, succeeded in conquering the French public, and at the same time conceived a genuine affection for the things and the people of my country, is a fact which in my opinion could not be a more striking example of the bonds which in spite of disparities on the surface unite our two nations.

" If indeed he had the satisfaction of being understood by the French and of becoming a truly popular author in France, he owes it in great part to his idealism, to his confidence in progress, his faith in human solidarity and to his social proselytism which caused him to be called by an Austrian diplomat ' le grand " democratiseur " delé'pogue.' His works always have their place beside our class books and in our family libraries. We continue to read him in all classes of society and at all ages, without quite knowing what we prefer in him, whether it be his wisdom or his biting liveliness, his caricature of everyday life or his profound humanity. But one thing we feel clearly, and that is that Dickens remains one of the most solid links in that spiritual friendship which through all the tribulations of history has always brought England and France together. Dickens himself wrote in 1854, during one of his visits to Boulogne, a phrase which I beg permission to quote because it seems to me to be equally true to-day :

" *A long and constant fusion of the two great nations there has taught each to like the other, and to learn from the other, and to rise superior to the absurd prejudices which have lingered among the weak and ignorant in both countries equally.*

" Indeed Charles Dickens can rightly be called, as Mr. Rust pointed out just now in reading us a message from M. de Suzannet, the first pioneer of the Entente Cordiale. At a moment when a new page is about to be added to the golden book of Franco-British friendship

and when Their Majesties the King and Queen are preparing to visit Paris where an enthusiastic welcome awaits them, I have a particular pleasure in paying a tribute to one of the greatest writers who best understood the affinities of our two countries and the ideas, the culture, and the civilisation that we share in common."

His Excellency then formally handed the manuscripts to Lady Dickens who replied as follows :

" Excellence,

C'est avec reconnaissance et avec le plus grand plaisir, que je reçois le don magnifique et plus que généreux de la part de M. le Comte de Suzannet pour le Musée Dickens à Doughty Street. Les manuscrits de Dickens deviennent de plus en plus rares et celui-ci que vient de présenter M. de Suzannet au Musée, un des plus intéressants.

Je suis fière du nom que m'a légué mon cher mari, Henry Fielding Dickens, fils du grand auteur. Ce nom est un passeport universel, connu, admiré et aimé non seulement en Angleterre mais dans le monde entier.

Je présente donc à M. Rust, secrétaire du Dickens Fellowship et gardien du Musée les 60 pages de *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Schoolboy's Story*, and *Our Commission*. Ces manuscrits feront la gloire du Musée déjà si intéressant et si plein de souvenirs de mon beau-pere.

Je vous remercie, Excellence, avec tous mes amis, de votre présence ici et des paroles mémorables que vous avez prononcées, et j'envoie ma profonde reconnaissance et celle de toute la famille Dickens au grand et généreux donateur Monsieur le Comte de Suzannet."[2]

Mr. J. H. McNulty, in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor emphasized the suitability of the Mansion House for such a presentation ; and Mr. T. W. Hill suitably thanked His Excellency and Lady Dickens.

MORE GIFTS TO THE DICKENS HOUSE

Closely following Count de Suzannet's magnificent gift, came the presentation of thirty-four letters of Dickens to his publishers, Bradbury and Evans, the gift of Mr. W. L. Bradbury. Many of them concern the founding of " The Daily News," and all were unpublished until the recent Nonesuch edition.

Then Count de Suzannet added to his many former gifts a set of forty-five letters to Georgina Hogarth ; the manuscript of " The Bill of Fare " in the hand of Maria Beadnell's sister Margaret ; and the very earliest known portrait of Dickens, a miniature of him at the age of 18, painted by his aunt, Janet Barrow.

Mr. J. D. Billington, Chairman of the Council of the Dickens Fellowship, has presented the oak show-case for the display of Count de Suzannet's gift of Manuscripts.

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LETTERS TO JOHN LEECH

NOW FIRST PRINTED

(*continued from page* 183)

IV.

DAVID COPPERFIELD was continuing its monthly publication during the first eleven months of 1850, and on the 6th April Leech contributed to "Punch" the cartoon "Ain't I volatile" representing Lord Brougham as Miss Mowcher.

Dickens's correspondence with John Leech during the early part of the year referred to various excursions and calls for little comment.

Office of Household Words.
Thirtieth March, 1850.

My Dear Leech,

I find (on account of the Railway Trains not running in church-time) that we must meet tomorrow morning, at a quarter before 10. We are here this evening if you should be leaving your Punch early. Tell Lemon so, from me.

Ever faithfully,
C.D.

Office of Household Words.
Saturday 18th May 1850.

My Dear Leech,

Book me for the Derby—but don't you think we ought to have four on 'em? As to a hamper from Fortnum & Mason's, that I consider indispensable.

I shall be here this evening.

Ever faithfully
C.D.

My Dear Leech

Alas! I have consulted the H. W. Oracle and it says "No! The Inimitable B must write!" So no Thames at present, for that remarkable man.

Ever faithfully
C.D.

Devonshire Terrace,
Thirtieth July, 1850.

Broadstairs
Eighteenth September 1850

Recreant!

Here are three soundly-useful letters. I could write letters ad infinitum, but they would be merely social introductions to expensive people who could render no real service in such a case.

Brush up the Marquess!!! Tell Lemon when you see him, Animal Mag is the order of the day.

Ever faithfully
C.D.

The mention of the Marquess in the last letter has reference to the part of the Marquis de Lancy in the farce "Animal Magnetism" which followed "Every Man in His Humour" at Knebworth the following November; in the latter play Leech again took the part of Master Matthew. The remaining letters of this year refer to these performances at Lord Lytton's house.

Broadstairs, Kent.
Twenty Sixth September 1850.

My Dear Leech,

I enclose you a note from Bulwer. Please answer it, addressed

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Bart.
Knebworth
Hertfordshire.

It is proposed to play twice, Monday night the 28th and Wednesday night the 30th of October; going down on Saturday the 26th (it is only an hour and a half by railway) and rehearsing that night.

Faithfully ever

C.D.

Broadstairs
First October 1850.

My Dear Leech,

Yes. Kate and Georgina are both going, the latter plays, you know. They hope Mrs. Leech will go too. I understand no strangers will be staying in the house, and that the Dukes, Duchesses, and the like, who come to see the Play will do what the Americans call "clear" after the representation.

Nathan dresses us. Hadn't you better leave your Master Mathew dress out for him? I will tell him to send for it within a week and furbish it up a little, as we must be very smart. As the time approaches, will you call there, and look after the Marquess's dress?

Ever faithfully

Charles Dickens.

John Leech Esquire.

In February of the next year, Leech accompanied Dickens to Paris for a few days, to which event the next letters refer.

Devonshire Terrace
Saturday Night
January Twenty Fifth 1851.

My Dear Leech,

This is to let you know that I am not in Wellington Street, but have come home.

Also, to say, for your consideration, that I think of going to Paris, for a purpose, within the next fortnight or so. I could make the time yours — and that if you really would like two days there, I am really disposed to bind the bargain.

Faithfully ever,

C.D.

HOLT AND LONDON: PRINTED BY A. BRIGHT AND SON, LTD.

Devonshire Terrace,
Monday Morning,
Twenty Seventh January 1851.

My Dear Leech,

I find that Macready's last Haymarket Night is — not Tuesday, as I had supposed, but Monday. This would so hurry and inconvenience us, that it seems to put the present week out of the question. If next week would be inconvenient for the reasons you mentioned yesterday, let us think of some other time. I think I can make your time, mine.

Ever Faithfully

C.D.

John Leech, Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace
Tuesday night Twenty-Eighth January 1851.

My Dear Leech,

No – hem ! – I had not forgotten my birthday – but – a – a – the – modesty of the man – a – did not admit of – a – so humble an individual as himself – a – positively !

What I should propose (as Jack Humphries might observe) would be this. That we go on Monday the 10th. February B. Mail. We could then be back, please God, safe and sound for the following Saturday—and all right. What do you say ? Shall that be a final bargain?

I shall be at Household Words office all day tomorrow (Wednesday) and, except dining at the Temple from ½ past 5 to ½ past 6, available for any honest purpose.

Ever yours,

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace.
Thirtieth January 1851.

My Dear Leech,

Fixed (D.V.) for the 10th ! ! Austin (a capital fellow as you know, without his wife) had some idea of going at the same time, on a cemetary commission, but I don't think he will.

I have another idea ! I observe that on Monday Evening the 3rd next Monday, there is a great sparring demonstration over in the Westminster Bridge Road. I want to see it. Could we go together ? If so, you might call in the afternoon (say at 5 at the H. W.) we might chop, and take pugilistic diversion afterwards. We might then arrange when we would go together for the laissez-passer. A friend of mine (not you of course) is hardly to be trusted, I think, to get one, alone.

I have another idea ! If you were to answer this by post now !—Eh ?

Ever yours

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace,
Thirty First January 1851.

My Dear Leech,

I have another idea ! ! ! Monday being Macready's last appearance at the Haymarket—which I hope you have not forgotten —perhaps you would like to come into our box ?

Ever yours

C.D.

Devonshire Terrace.
Monday Morning February Third 1851.

My Dear Mrs. Leech,

Our poor little Dora is very ill—with something like congestion of the Brain. She was taken with it on Saturday at midnight, and though better this morning, is not out of danger. Kate therefore will not go to the Theatre tonight, neither will Georgina. So I would recommend your coming straight to the Household Words office, and there taking up Leech and me. If your fly presents itself at that vast establishment at twenty five minutes before 7, that will be the right time. My engagement with Leech, I consider undisturbed. Kate and Georgina send their loves. The little thing was so ill yesterday, that we thought it right to have her baptised by White, who was dining here.

Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

Mrs. John Leech

Household Words Office.
Eighth February 1851.

My Dear Leech,

I never was more astounded than I have been by a proposal from Spencer Lyttelton, to go with us to Paris ! As he is the jolliest of the jolly, I have said yes—hoping you will like the addition of a man with high spirits, who is up to anything.

Ever yours

C.D.

The three friends stayed at the Hotel Wagram and appear to have done an astonishing amount in a short time. They got up at five one morning to make an expedition to a market thirteen miles away and another day " had a charming country walk before breakfast, and enjoyed it very much. The rime was on the grass and trees and the country most delicious," so Dickens wrote to his wife.

They visited D'Orsay in his atelier, and invited him to dinner with them ; they dined with Lord and Lady Castlereagh and saw Lemaître in the famous play, " Belphegor."

" We have got on famously and been very facetious," he wrote to Mrs. Dickens on the 13th February, in advising her of their return the following day.

The baby, Dora, referred to in the letter dated February Third—addressed to Mrs. Leech, died two months later.

There is no more correspondence now until a year later. During that time Dickens was much engaged with directing and playing in "Not So Bad As We Seem" for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, and Leech was not of the company. Early in 1852 the two friends had many country outings together, judging from the next letter; and there are talks of other meetings in the remaining letters of this year.

Tavistock House.
Tuesday Night.
Seventeenth February 1852.

My Dear Leech,

We talked of having a day at Eton. Will you go down with me on Tuesday next—Shrove Tuesday? If you reply "Yes," I will let you know at what time I propose that we shall meet at The Great Western Paddington Terminus.

Ever yours Cordially

C.D.

John Leech, Esquire.

Tavistock House
Friday Night,
Twentieth February 1852.

My Dear John Leech (see Tupper),

On Tuesday next, the train for Slough, starts at a quarter before eleven A.M. Faithful to his rule of being at Railways a quarter of an hour before the starting-time, a youth of noble form and stately (but not severe) presence, will be descried on the steps of the first class booking office door at the Paddington Terminus, as the bells of this great city chime half past ten. In the features of that noble youth, an observer will descry the lineaments of

The Inimitable

Charles Dickens.

Tavistock House.
Friday Nineteenth March
1852.

My Dear Leech,

I should be delighted to dine with you on Tuesday, were I not unfortunately engaged to Wills (for the first time). So is Forster, I know, for Wills told me yesterday he had "booked him."

Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

I am afraid White will have a new and sad trial in Lotty.

Tavistock House
Twenty Third November 1852.

My Dear Leech,

If you should be disposed for a "Hout" next week—a day at Brighton or anywhere else where we could find change, a good walk, and fresh air—I am the boy for such an admirable purpose! And if, in such case, you will let me know what days next week are likely to be your best for the purpose, I will forthwith "propoge" an excursion and fix all needful time and place.

Ever Faithfully Yours

C.D.

John Leech Esquire.

Tavistock House
Wednesday Evening
Twenty Fourth November 1852

My Dear Leech,

I have no doubt whatever that a day out on Thursday in next week, will save the almanack beyond measure. And, joking apart, if you can think of any place more likely to produce a Wrinkle than Brighton, though its the Man you will be out [with] Sir, in which the suggestion lies as I take it—we will go to such place in preference. On Sunday at two I shall expect you. I will then be armed with a Bradshaw, and we will concert our diabolical purpose in detail.

We must not allow this extra mile to be any barrier to our old meetings. Life is not long enough to admit of any more Turnpike Gates in it than are there of necessity.

Master Beard will dine with us on Sunday, and I trust in the Lord will not mention the Hounds.

Ever faithfully yours

C.D.

Tavistock House
Sixteenth December 1852
Thursday.

My Dear Leech,

Oddly apropos of our vague intentions, I have received a note from White informing me of a "Testimonial" that is going to be given to him down there, on Thursday the 23rd. Could you manage to go down on Wednesday the 22nd. walking from Ryde as we proposed, and return on Christmas Eve? The evening of the 23rd we might, if so disposed, pass at Ryde or Portsmouth.

If you can contrive this, I am good for the enterprise, and will arrange the times and place of meeting. Reply as soon as you can.

Ever Faithfully,

C.D.

John Leech Esquire.

Tavistock House
Monday Evening.
Twentieth December 1852.

My Dear Leech,

Firstly. I suppose that but for your profound confidence in the brilliant undersigned, you might by this time have imagined that he was oblivious of promises made at Cocks in Fleet Street, after expeditions to Brightons. Not so, however, as you will be fully prepared to hear. Tennyson's poems are out of print, and reprinting in a new Edition in one Volume. When that Edition emerges from the Press, it will bloom on Notting Hill. The strong water distilled from the cherry of the Black Forest, is, I am astounded to discover, all gone. But I send in its stead, a bottle of a sweet wine of rare perfection, made from the Muscatelle Grape. Drunk with ice, or ice pudding, you will find it most delicious—with a generous and fragrant smack of the bright sun in it, that I have very seldom tasted. It was presented to me some years ago by a merchant (this sounds, I find as I write it, like the Arabian Nights), and is really an uncommon—shall I say Article.

Secondly. I don't think White is to be managed at the end of the month, because I have to be producible on the 29th and also on the 31st (when I hope to dance a Sir Roger or so, with Mrs. Leech). But on the 30th, or at any other time with these reservations, I am more than ready for a "Hout"—being in a state, at present, of blackguard reckless idleness (I left off work yesterday) more easily to be con &c &c &c &c

Ever heartily yours.

C.D.

John Leech Esquire.

Tavistock House
Monday Twenty Third January 1853.

My Dear Leech,

On looking at my book, I am inclined to propose next week for our jaunt, if convenient to you. Name any day but Tuesday. Might it not be better to go down to Gravesend by steamboat, if the fine weather should continue ?

I shall dine at the Household Words office on Thursday at ½ p. 5, and afterwards go to see the Savages at Hyde Park Corner. Will you come and dine then and there—and not forget it ? In that case we might solemnly arrange the proceedings of the Lady-Day.

Ever faithfully yours

C.D.

We spun a table in the most extraordinary manner last night. Mamey, Katey, their governess, I, Catherine, Georgina, "mon cher Regnier" et Madame Regnier. The Pembroke table in the study gamboled like an insane elephant, (with a prodigious creaking) all round the room ! ! !

(To be continued)

A Correction.—A re-examination of the original letter of the fourteenth December 1847, printed on page 101 of the Spring Number leads us to the opinion that the correct year of this letter is 1843, and not 1847. It therefore refers to the colouring of the illustrations for *A Christmas Carol.*

SECRETS OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

By PERCY T. CARDEN

Said Mr. Sapsea: "*Without betraying what I call the secrets of the prison-house, the secrets of the prison-house is the term I used on the bench.*"

NEW material has recently come from New York to the Dickens House which may yet lead to the solution of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Without betraying what I have called the secrets of the Dickens House, I will venture to predict that none of my readers can answer correctly the following questions, save only those who have quite recently visited our House at No. 48 Doughty Street.

1. How often has Drood been translated? Into what languages?
2. When Dickens was dead, a Pen, guided (or so it wrote) by his Spirit, continued to write the Mystery. What quality did the Spirit Pen write, and who held it?
3. At auction one sequel fetches a higher price than even the monthly parts of the original. What is this sequel called, who wrote it and to whom was the authorship at first attributed?
4. Has "LIGHT" thrown any light on the Mystery? What fun did FUN poke at it on 9th April, 1870? How did JUDY parody the tale four days later?
5. Who asked Sherlock Holmes to solve the Mystery? Who called in detectives from Scotland Yard?
6. Where and how often has John Jasper been tried for the murder of Edwin Drood? How often has the story been filmed, acted, debated, written about?
7. No one has yet compiled a "Who's Who" of Droodists, but can you supply names for all or any of the following:—

(*a*) An actor; an astronomer.
(*b*) A——. B——.; barristers (several).
(*c*) G.K.C.; a Lord Chancellor; a Canon.
(*d*) A Dickensian (loyal).
(*e*) A Provost of Eton.
(*f*) Frenchmen (several).
(*g*) Germans (several).
(*h*) Humorists (several).
(*j*) John o' London.
(*k*) Knights (2); K.C.s (several).
(*l*) Luke——.
(*m*) Military men (several).
(*n*) A Nottingham Dickensian.
(*o*) An O.M.; Orpheus C. Kerr.
(*p*) Mr. Pickwick.
(*q*) Q.
(*r*) Rochester residents (several).
(*s*) A Scotch author; a solicitor.
(*t*) P.J.T.
(*u*) University Professors(several).
(*v*) Van A.; von R.
(*w*) J.C.W., J.Y.W.
(*x*) Legion.
(*y*) ——The younger.
(*z*) Ztam; Zoffany——.

For light upon these questions, and upon the endless series of conundrums, to which *The Mystery* has given rise, all those who take an interest in Edwin Drood should enquire at the Dickens House for:—

THE HOWARD DUFFIELD COLLECTION OF DROOD LITERATURE.

With fine generosity and (I venture to add) a discriminating judgment, Dr. Howard Duffield, of Princeton, New Jersey, U.S.A., and Honorary President of the New York Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, has just presented to our House his unique collection, collected over

many years, of "the curious literature created by the unfinished novel of Charles Dickens."

Dr. Duffield's aim in presenting this collection is to extend to others some measure of the enjoyment he has himself derived from his lifetime devotion to Dickens, and the years he has spent in the study of Droodiana.

Readers of *The Dickensian* may recall the account given by Mr. A. A. Hopkins of this notable Drood collection in the Autumn number for 1932 (Vol. 28, p. 231), when Dr. Duffield shewed his treasures to the Grolier Club, of New York.

The entire cost of transit to the Dickens House was borne by the donor, and with the library came a valuable and informative catalogue. The multifarious material is marshalled in the catalogue under twelve heads, briefly indexed as (1) starting points; (2) the novel; (3) illustrators and illustrations; (4) continuations; (5) solutions; (6) dramatisations; (7) monographs; (8) periodicals; (9) newspapers; (10) allusions and references; (11) background; (12) sidelights.

The bibliophile will no doubt turn to the rarer editions and translations of the novel, or scarce sequels and solutions. But, personally, my interest centres itself on the final sections—called background and side lights. These include descriptions, and even relics, of Rochester, Staple Inn and Gadshill.

One relic is entirely out of place in this collection. It is a photo of the time-table of the omnibus that ran from Strood Station to Brompton. But the North Kent Railway to Strood had no connection with that "remote fragment of Main Line to somewhere else," from which Joe's little "Elephant with infinitely too much Castle" daily lumbered by a back-stable way to the corner labelled "Beware of the Dog." A time-table of the trains to the station at Maidstone Road, the then terminus of the Main Line to Dover, for the year 1842 (the date of the murder) has been unearthed by my friend, Mr. Watt, and was published in *The Dickensian* for 1933 (Vol. 29, p. 42).

Besides this matter of detail, the catalogue contains some small inaccuracies, of course, and there are a few omissions. In the reference to Miss Katharine Kelly I noticed a slip, but I was delighted to learn that the collection includes her unpublished masterpiece, "John Jasper," which Dr. Duffield describes, with justice, as "a minute, acute and very original study of the Drood Mystery as illuminated by the peculiar psychology of John Jasper." Miss Kelly's is the only study which, so far as I know, does justice to Jasper by giving his temptations equal weight with his wickedness; and the only satisfactory explanation of the hint implied in the keynote of the story "When the wicked man——."

Dr. Duffield's comments in footnotes should on no account be missed. For example, "Page 232—states that Charles Dickens told Wills he altered plot in middle of story; became hopelessly entangled and Wills believed anxiety caused sudden death!" This is a specimen of the gossipy inaccuracies so abundantly circulated about *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

Again, " Murder at Smutty Nose and Other Murders " (1927)—notes Dickens's quotations from the Trial of Constance Kent, in his description of Helena Landless; and " The Rebel Earl and Other Studies " (1926)—links Helena Landless with Constance Kent and by allusions in " The Moonstone " shows that Wilkie Collins and Dickens were both influenced by the Great Crime of the Century.

In spite of close links with Wilkie Collins, Dickens and Drood, I can find no express references in the catalogue to the murder by Professor Webster, the feature of which was the identification of the murdered man solely by his false teeth; and Janus Weathercock, alias Wainewright, is not given the prominence that he deserves. Belzoni is mentioned, but the library does not include the history of his life published by Mrs. Belzoni under the title of " The Fruits of Enterprise." This little volume (on the lines of " Sandford and Merton ") must surely have been the text book out of which Miss Twinkleton bored Rosa in regard to the Pyramids.

As a solutionist himself Dr. Duffield is well known to Droodists as the author (in *The Dickensian*) of an article on " The Macbeth *motif* in Drood " and of another, published on the 7th February, 1930, in " The Bookman " (New York), making the startling suggestion that Jasper was a Thug. Naturally, books bearing on that suggestion are well represented in the catalogue. But the article itself is in no way emphasised, being merely included with the Periodicals, except by quotation from the praise of Mr. Cuming Walters in the Autumn *Dickensian* for 1930. " I regard it," wrote Cuming Walters, " as one of the strongest and most convincing contributions ever made towards the unravelling of the enigma of Drood's fate. Dr. Duffield not only presents an unbroken—and, I think, irrefutable—argument, but he fortifies it with facts of the first importance."

As a trustee of the Dickens House, as well as a Droodist, I hope that the catalogue will be frequently consulted by all who are interested, and are able to pay a visit to No. 48 Doughty Street; and I should like to assure Dr. Duffield that his gift of this collection is deeply appreciated and will be welcomed by all Dickensians.

NEW YORK'S FIRST COSTUME PARTY

The New York Branch has held its first costume party; and so decided a success was this feature, that the audience of over two hundred members determined not in future to leave all the fun of such a gathering to the seventy dressed-up members.

The Rev. Oliver Huckell appeared as Dickens; the President, Mr. Harvey Field and Mrs. Field were, respectively, Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dike Reed represented Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig. Nothing but praise was heard on all sides, and great credit is due to Mrs. William Dike Reed who inaugurated the affair and carried it through to a successful conclusion.

DICKENS IN TOWN TO-NIGHT

By J. H. McNULTY

EVERY Saturday night, the B.B.C. broadcasts a programme entitled "In Town To-night." About once in seven years Dickens's Birthday falls on a Saturday. What could be more natural than that Dickens's characters should, on such an occasion, appear before the microphone in place of the usual not very interesting crowd of slightly eccentric persons ?

It is true that some ignorant people have said that these characters from Dickens's novels are dead, but those who are better informed have always insisted that they are living and immortal. That the latter opinion is the correct one is proved by their appearance in the Studio on the occasion to be described.

THIS is the National Programme. Before we commence the 365th Edition of "In Town To-night," we have been asked to broadcast the following three S.O.S. messages :—

Will Dick Datchery, alias Edwin Drood, alias Bazzard or anything else you like, last heard of 68 years ago in Cloisterham, communicate with his friends in that city who are anxious to know who and where he is.

Will Edwin Drood, who suddenly disappeared from the Cathedral city of Cloisterham in 1870, return as soon as possible or communicate with his friends who are very anxious concerning his welfare.

Will John Jasper last seen in Rochester in 1870, return at once to that city, as his voice is greatly needed in the Cathedral Choir. Inspector Hornleigh is anxious to meet him to ask if he can throw any light on the mysterious disappearance of his nephew Edwin Drood. Telephone No. Rochester 1212.

(The roar of traffic is heard) — STOP ! ! !

Once more we hush the mighty roar of London's traffic to bring you some of the interesting people who are "In Town To-night" !

Here is Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge, merchant-banker of the City of London. "Good evening, Mr. Scrooge, I'm delighted to see you."

"Before you express any pleasure at seeing me, perhaps you had better hear what I have to say."

"Ah, Mr. Scrooge, cautious as ever, I see."

"Yes, I consider prudence a more important quality than politeness."

"I suppose you have been taking this opportunity of re-visiting some of your old haunts. Will you tell our listeners what you think of our work in the City to-day ?"

"Well, if you wish for a plain answer, it's my opinion that *no* work is done in the City to-day. Why, most of your clerks go home between 5 and 6 ! Even when I was head of the firm of Scrooge and Marley, I worked from 9 in the morning till 7 at night, and 12 hours a day when I was an apprentice. On Saturday, the people in the City go home before the day's half over. They don't know what work is—two or three days' holiday at Christmas, the same at Easter, days off at Whitsun and again in August. I'm sick of such laziness. It's a wonder you have any trade at all."

" Certainly, Mr. Scrooge, we enjoy more leisure than in your day, but you can surely see that greater leisure means better health for the workers and so more efficient work ? "

" Humbug ! I don't see it at all. I and my clerk worked 10 hours a day and were none the worse for it. Crachit couldn't afford to be ill and I never was, and that's the end of it."

" Surely, Mr. Scrooge, you suffered from a bad cold in the head on a certain Christmas Eve, and went to bed early in consequence ? "

" Yes, and a nice night I had. I was feverish and had a curious dream, but mark you that was late on Christmas Eve, and I was back at my desk before 9 o'clock on the day after Christmas Day. You don't get over 'Flu and your other modern ailments as quickly as that, with all your leisure and ease."

" Let me ask you another question, Mr. Scrooge. What do you think of our modern business methods ? "

" I *don't* think of them—I prefer not to. I received a letter from a firm of repute this morning. It was typewritten and initialled, not signed. May I ask, can your clerks write or is that a lost art, and are your business managers capable of signing their names and if they can, why don't they ? "

" Of course they can, Mr. Scrooge, of course. Let me try something else. What do you think of the amenities of our City ? Things have improved since your day, you know."

" Humbug, my friend, humbug ! *You* may call them improvements, I don't. I tried to find Baker's Chop House where I used to lunch. It's gone, and Crosby Hall's gone also. I took a bus ; it stopped so long in a line of vehicles that I got out and walked. It was safer and quicker."

" What do you think of the Belisha beacons and traffic lights ? "

" Do you mean those damned orange trees ? I suppose you call them beacons because they *don't* give any light, and Belisha after the gardener that invented them. The colours of your traffic lights, however, are appropriate—red because you're Socialists, and green because you're soft. Humbug, I say, humbug ! I'll retire to Bedlam, and hope to find sanity. Good night."

Here is Mr. Toots. " Good evening. I'm sure, Mr. Toots, our listeners will be pleased to hear anything you have to say."

" Good evening. It's very nice to be back in London. I'm very pleased to be here, but it's of no consequence. Yes, it's a long time since I last appeared in public. My first appearance was just after the death of Mrs. Dombey ; that was the *first* Mrs. Dombey. You didn't know her, of course, nor did I, but I heard all about her from young Dombey. She died you know because she couldn't make an effort, but there must have been something else the matter with her, for *I* never could make an effort, and I'm still alive. What do I do ? Oh, I write letters, ever so many, to my friends and to myself. I was always a good hand at writing letters, and I get many replies. Sometimes they're all over my desk. ' P. Toots, Esq.' ' P. Toots, Esq.' but what ' P ' stands for I never could tell. Perhaps some of your

clever listeners could tell me. It ought to be simple but it isn't. And there's another thing. It's of no consequence of course, but I really don't know how old I am. You see, when I was at Dr. Blimber's Academy, I didn't like people to know that I was older than the other pupils, so when my birthday came round, I took off a year, sometimes two, instead of putting it on. I was at Dr. Blimber's for about 10 years, so you have to multiply 10 by 2, that's about twenty-one—say twenty-two to be on the safe side. So when I left, I was twenty years younger —no, twenty years older than I really was. No, that can't be right. Then you have to add to that, the years between then and the fall of the house of Dombey. But there, I'm sure I'm not as old as that; I couldn't be. So you see, it is complicated, but it's of no consequence, not the slightest. I remember well when I left Dr. Blimber's, the Doctor wrote on my analysis: 'P. Toots' (there you are again, *P.* Toots), 'P. Toots has all the instincts of a gentleman, but is entirely lacking in initiative.' I knew what the word meant once—I looked it up—but I've forgotten, but it's of no consequence."

"And what are you doing now, Mr. Toots?"

"Well, I've been dabbling a little in stocks and shares. I usually lose, but it's of no consequence. Now I think if I could double my turnover, I could increase my profits, but that's where the difficulty comes in. My father left me comfortably well off, but he tied up the capital so that I couldn't touch a penny of it. I can't think why he did it, but he did, and I'm sure I could have made a fortune on the Stock Exchange. You see, I am very fond of animals, so I shouldn't have any fear of their Bulls and their Bears. Still, it's no good talking about it now. I believe I could have re-organised the house of Dombey and Son, but they wouldn't let me. It's all over now, but if you could tell me my Christian name and how old I am, I should be pleased, but it's of no consequence. Good night. Of no consequence in the least. Goodbye, goodbye."

"Ah, Mrs. Finching, Mrs. Flora Finching, it's a great pleasure to see you in the Studio to-night."

"It's a great pleasure for me to be here, I assure you. I've always had a burning desire to broadcast. It looks so easy you know, B.B.C. and A.B.C. And that makes us think of our youth, the golden memories of our childhood days. A.B.C. is simple, and B.B.C. should be so also, don't you think so? I'm sure I do.

"And you're so modern and up-to-date, it seems funny there should be B.C. in your name. That's back in the dark ages; I don't know when they were, but ever so long ago. You know, it should be A.D. not B.C. B.A.D., but there, I don't mean that. Never B.A.D.—least of all in the studio of all places, but you see what I mean.

"And now I'm speaking to six million—or is it sixty million?—people, and perhaps Arthur (Doyce and Clenam far more proper), is listening too. They make all sorts of things to help broadcasting. I've no doubt you're using their inventions now.

"Oh, here's my aunt; that is my aunt by marriage, Mr. F's aunt."

"Good evening, Madam, I am delighted to see you."

" This chap has a proud voice : why don't he speak like ordinary people ? "

" Oh, you mustn't mind her, Mr. B.B.C. Mr. F's aunt has rather a blunt way of expressing herself, but she means no harm, quite the contrary.

" But I mustn't waste these precious moments when I'm speaking before the *gramophone*—no, it's not that of course, but there are so many 'phones one get mixed. Tele, saxo, gramo, micro and ear. Very, very useful they are, earphones : they keep people quiet and prevent your ears sticking out of the side of your head like fishes' gills. There are as many 'phones as bones in the body—tibia, humerus, ossicle—Mr. F. was nearly a doctor before he became a policeman, I mean a politician—that's why I know so much about bones.

" And it's really awfully good of you to let me speak without writing it down. I could never have done that. You see, I never know what I'm going to say till I've said it, and then I don't know because I forget it."

" Well, good-night, Mrs. Finching."

" Oh, am I to finish now ? I can go on just as long as you like and tell you all sorts of amusing stories about people and things. There's the story . . ."

" Not now, thank you, Mrs. Finching, and good-night."

" Well, *good-night* if I must go, but send for me whenever you want to hear me again. Whatever you do, don't forget to call me. I've heaps to say and I'm sure it would give me the greatest pleasure. Well, good-night, but I hope to return whenever . . ."

" Here's Mr. Micawber, who has recently returned from Port Middle Bay. He will tell us something about his life in that distant colony where he was such a distinguished member of society."

" My dear Sir, you are too kind, but I will speak plainly and without digression. You were good enough to speak of me as ' distinguished.' It is only from the point of view of the proverb which asserts that in the Kingdom of the Blind, the man possessing a single optic is Monarch ; from that point alone can I be designated ' distinguished.' Among the barbarous denizens of that most unsalubrious clime, Port Middle Bay, I endeavoured to deal out even-handed justice, but justice, believe me, was the last thing those uncivilised creatures desired. In the immortal words of the Poet, ' In the course of justice none of them would see salvation.'

" With what great delight did I see the snowy cliffs of my native land rise from the purple ocean."

" And what of the future, Mr. Micawber ? "

" In contrast to the obscurity of the past, my dear Announcer, the future might be considered almost illuminated. I may assure you, in perfect confidence, that if something turns up, it will not be turned down."

" Have you anything particular in view, Mr. Micawber ? "

" Not precisely. Some position in which my directive ability would have scope has been mooted, but I feel it is in Finance that I might shine, as financial adviser to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for

example. It has been said of me by friends, with perchance too great a partiality to my talents : ' In financial matters, Micawber is not a simple Simon.' Some have even said, thinking of the present Chancellor ' not as simple as Simon,' but that I fear, my dear Sir, is flattery—flattery gross and palpable.

" I am also attracted to Politics, where I apprehend my talents, humble though they be, would be of use. All my life I have been accustomed to deal with bills of one sort, so I might be able to pilot bills of another sort through the House of Commons. But to come to the heart of the matter, my dear Sir, the country fears a depression ; depression, like a worm in the bud, feeds on her rosy hopes. The shadow of future slumps stalks silently among the apprehensive millions of my fellow countrymen.

" I have been assured that I am an inveterate optimist. I dare not assert this of myself, but it is said that I have an abundance of optimism, always hoping for something to turn up, though I wot not what. My work appointed by fate seems to be ' Disperser of Depressions, and Circulator of Hope.' This should of course carry with it a seat in the Cabinet and a salary of some magnitude, but that is a minor consideration. Unfortunately the Government has not yet seen fit to create such a post, so I am waiting in hope. I, Wilkins Micawber . . ."

This brings to an end our 365th edition of " In Town To-night." We hope to bring you something interesting each week.

THE FELLOWSHIP ON THE CALIFORNIAN COAST

The Californian coast is bristling with enthusiastic branches of the Fellowship ; none of them aims at large membership, which makes them all the better for closer fellowship. Quite a young branch is that on the Palos Verdes estates, where monthly meetings are held in the homes of the members. For general reading they adhere closely to the book chosen by the Conference, and quite a feature is the discussion of the current comments on Dickens in the press. The Charter of the branch is exhibited in the Public Library—quite a good idea for branches having no headquarters of their own.

The latest branch to be formed in this district bears the name of the California Pickwick Branch and we hear from Mr. E. Carroll Sibley, the President, that it is shaping well, and that the presentation of a Pickwick Play is at present engaging the attention of the members. " Long life to the Pickvicks (Californian) say we " echoing the other immortal Sam.

SPELL IT WITH A "C"

Mr. George Cruickshank is the new President of the Auckland Branch, and, in introducing him to the meeting, the former President, Rev. A. B. Chappell, made felicitous references to his successor being a reincarnation of Dickens's first illustrator. Mrs. Kenneth Gordon, another Past President, has been visiting the branch at Vancouver. Owing to untoward circumstances there was no usual Tiny Tim Outing this year, but at Christmas each child received a gift of five shillings in cash—a poor substitute, but an earnest one of love and sympathy.

AMERICA'S "CLASSIC" MURDER

By WILLIAM CROSBY BENNETT

WHETHER or not viewing it in his guise of social reformer, crime in all its various aspects undoubtedly fascinated Dickens. There is ample proof in his numerous recorded visits to criminal courts and prisons, to asylums for the insane, to police headquarters and inquests, to morgues and the like, including even attending an execution in Italy to see a condemned man have his head cut off by the guillotine. There is also evidence of a morbid tendency in his very earliest attempts at fiction. For example, one may recall *The Black Veil*, in *Sketches by Boz*, the tale of a distracted mother's frantic efforts to have her son brought back to life after he has been hanged as a murderer. Indeed in nearly all his novels there is somewhere an underlying thread of criminality—a major or minor transgression upon which the plot wholly or partly turns.

It is not surprising, therefore, that what might be called America's "Classic Murder"—the slaying of Doctor George Parkman by Professor John W. Webster, of Harvard College—made a strong and lasting impression upon the novelist's mind. Eighteen years after the crime Sir James Emerson Tennent wrote an account of "The Killing of Dr. Parkman" for *All the Year Round*, and Dickens read the manuscript shortly before his second visit to America in 1867. The article did not appear until the issue of December 7th, when Dickens was already in the United States, and on January 12th following, he wrote to Wilkie Collins that he had gone over the scene of the crime with Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. "At the Medical School at Harvard," he wrote, "we surveyed the holes and corners in which that extraordinary murder was done by Webster."

On his first visit to America, in 1842, Dickens had met Professor Webster among the honoured men at the Cambridge University. At that time Webster held a lectureship in the Harvard Medical College, built on the very land Doctor Parkman had provided. The Parkman Chair of Anatomy, then occupied by Doctor Holmes, was named in Doctor Parkman's honour, and here, a dozen or so years later, was Webster, now thrice a professor, since he was also Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, owing Parkman, his benefactor, a large sum of money, spent, it is said, in collecting rare old books—a debt he was unable to repay.

From the foregoing it must not be supposed that Parkman was the kind to make easy the way of the debtor. Far from it! After a year had passed, with the debt unpaid, he commenced to pursue the Professor most unmercifully, and to embarrass him in public, quite frequently attended his medical lectures, occupying a seat in the front row and glaring at the unhappy man, while a characteristic snarl, like Carker's the manager in *Dombey*, showed two unbroken rows of glistening teeth —false in this case, and destined to play their part in the final chapter.

Parkman himself, although an M.D. of the University of Aberdeen, did not practice his profession, but devoted himself to matters of close

finance. In other words he was, like Mr. Ralph Nickleby, a note-shaver and money-lender. He belonged to a prominent New England family. His brother, the Reverend Doctor Parkman, was one of the outstanding Boston preachers of that day, and his nephew, then a young man recently graduated from Harvard, was to become more distinguished than any of them, as Francis Parkman, the great American historian.

Friday, November 23rd, 1849, proved an unlucky day for both Professor Webster and Doctor Parkman. Before nine in the morning Webster called at Parkman's home and made an appointment to meet his creditor at the College at half-past one and there discharge his obligation to him. "Could a settlement be made near an anatomical theatre," Dickens asked Longfellow, "that could not be transacted at Doctor Parkman's home?" We do not know Longfellow's answer, but we do know that Parkman kept the appointment and was never after seen alive.

Naturally such a man could not casually disappear without causing excitement. He was too prominent and too highly connected. Advertisements offering rewards were put in the Boston and New England newspapers, the near-by Charles River was dredged, empty buildings and cellars in the vicinity were searched; but without avail. Nearly a week of these activities had passed when Littlefield, the janitor at Harvard, remembered recent peculiar actions on the part of Professor Webster; and it also came to his mind that on the day of Parkman's visit Webster had remained for hours locked in his laboratory, with an intense heat and odd smells coming from his chemical furnace. He decided to investigate; and so, while the Professor was conducting his medical classes in another building, he began to break through the brick wall in order to inspect the contents of the vault beneath the furnace. On Friday, one week after Doctor Parkman's disappearance, he completed his task and looked into the vault. "I held my light forward," he said, "and the first thing which I saw was the pelvis of a man and two parts of a leg. I knew it was no place for these things."

The police were notified, Webster was arrested, and put on trial for the slaying of Parkman. The whole case for the State hinged on the proof of the identification of the charred remains, and in the final analysis rested upon the evidence of a set of false teeth found intact in the vault. It was finally proved on the evidence of the dentist who had made them that they were Parkman's—the same teeth that had snarled so derisively at Webster in his classroom—and the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.

Another ominous Friday rolled around—the last Friday in August, 1850—the day set for the hanging of Webster in the yard of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown. Tickets to buildings overlooking the prison yard commanded high prices. My own father, then a junior clerk in Boston, was one of the purchasers. I hasten to add, however, that he did not use his ticket, and I have always been duly thankful for his change of heart at the last moment.

While Dickens was on this second visit to America he sent Bulwer Lytton a letter on the subject. In it he says: "Being in Cambridge, I thought I would go over to the Medical School, and see the exact localities where Professor Webster did that amazing murder, and worked so hard to rid himself of the body of the murdered man. They were horribly grim, private, cold, and quiet; the identical furnace smelling fearfully (some anatomical broth in it, I suppose) as if the body were still there; jars of pieces of sour mortality standing about, like the forty robbers in Ali Baba after being scalded to death; and bodies near us ready to be carried in to next morning's lecture."

It was after this morbid excursion that Longfellow told Dickens a strange incident connected with Webster. The poet had dined with the Professor within a year of the murder, one of a party of ten to twelve. As they sat at their wine, Webster suddenly ordered the lights to be turned out, and a bowl of some burning mineral to be placed on the table, that the guests might see how ghostly it made them look. As each man stared at all the rest in the weird light, all were horrified to see Webster *with a rope round his neck*, holding it up, over the bowl, with his head jerked on one side, and his tongue lolled out, representing a man being hanged.

Immediately after Webster's execution at the State Prison his family removed to Fayal, where a married daughter lived. It is said that some years later, at a dinner party, there was a facetious guest who had not caught the name of some of the Websters who were present, but merely knew that they had come from Boston. In order to make himself agreeable, he suddenly remarked: "Oh, by the way, whatever became of that Professor Webster who killed Doctor Parkman? Did they hang him?"

Another gentle reminiscence of similiar nature is the story about Benjamin Butler, the noted Massachusetts' lawyer and statesman, who, while cross-examining a witness in Court, treated him, so the Judge thought, with unnecessary severity. He reminded the lawyer that the witness was a Harvard professor. "Yes, I know, your Honour," replied Butler. "We hanged one of them the other day." It may be that Butler had developed a sinful dislike of Harvard after they had refused him a degree of LL.D. a short time before.

THE SUCCESSFUL DEBUT OF "ALICIA"

THE first performance of "Alicia"* was successfully given by The Dramatic & Operatic Societies of St. Margaret's School, Harrow, on 6th July. Dickens would have delighted in the bringing to life of this charming fairy story by enthusiastic children so obviously enjoying it all and would have appreciated to the full the effort of The Duchess (Princess Alicia's doll) to outshine her mistress by remaining enthroned "in front" after the final curtain.

There would be great possibilities in this adaptation for that new and delightful phase of theatrical art—the Walt Disney Cartoon.

D. L. M.

* See *The Dickensian*, Vol. 34, page 214.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON *SKETCHES BY BOZ*

BY HILMER NIELSEN

THE dates of the separate publication of *Sketches by Boz* were established by Richard Herne Shepperd in his "Bibliography," 1885, repeated by Kitton in 1900 and by Eckel in 1913. Their records have been corrected in *The Dickensian*, 1934, page 105, but another correction must now be made. It seems that our knowledge of this question will not be exact until all the periodicals of the period, including those in which the "Sketches" appeared, have been most carefully examined.

I have recently been undertaking some investigations of periodicals of Dickens's time, and in "Bell's Weekly Magazine," June the 7th, 1834, found the sketch *Sentiment* under the heading "Original Papers" and without signature. ("Boz" did not appear until August.)

There may be other periodicals which should be examined for possible contributions by Dickens. In one of his letters to Kolle there are references to some magazines, one of which seems to have published an article by him.

> "They have done me the honour of selecting my article in The Thief where you will see it for the small charge of three pence if you have not yet paid two and six . . . my next paper will be Private Theatricals, and my next London by Night. I shall then please God commence a series of papers (the materials for which I have been noting down for some time past) called The Parish. Should they be successful—I shall cut my proposed novel up into little magazine sketches. Should I not settle into this periodical, I shall try The Metropolitan."

"The Thief" was the appropriate former name of "The London Weekly Magazine" which, on 7th December, 1833, purloined Dickens's first story, *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*, which had appeared only a week before in "The Monthly Magazine" (see *The Dickensian*, 1934, page 239).

It is a known fact that several sketches were written long before they were published. *Private Theatres* did not appear in the "Evening Chronicle" until 11th August, 1835, and *The Street at Night* until 17th January, 1836, in "Bell's Life in London." *The Great Winglebury Duel*, which is included in the "First Series," two volumes, 1836, was originally destined for the December number of "The Monthly Magazine," according to Dickens's letter of October 28th, 1835, to Macrone:

> The Great Winglebury Duel (which is the title of the paper which will appear in The Monthly for December) I will get a proof of in the course of a few days.

It is well known that Dickens stopped his contributions to this periodical because the proprietor declined his request for payment.

It is curious to learn, then, that Dickens seems to have picked up the connection, which was broken in February, 1835. An explanation may be found in the fact that the magazine had changed ownership just before the above letter was written.

The three sketches mentioned by Dickens in his letter to Kolle do not seem to have been destined for " The Monthly " as they are of quite another nature than the sketches published there. Any reader, who studies the sketches in their chronological order, will notice a remarkable change in their nature. The sketches published in " The Monthly Magazine " and the one in " Bell's Weekly Magazine " were all of the same type : a kind of short story of a marked dramatic structure, with the purpose of exposing certain ridiculous characters by connecting them with objects they dislike. We learn that Mr. Minns is afraid of dogs and children ; his first miseries, then, are derived from the visit of his cousin, who brings his dog. In the coach he is placed opposite to a child that mistakes him for its father, and so on.

It has been established by Dibelius that this exposure of character goes back to the Essayists, to whom all agree that Dickens owes much. But, after all, we do not find the subject treated in the same manner here as in Dickens, and this influence, perhaps, should be considered secondary, and we should look to his own time for links of connection. In the first place, Dickens's fondness for the light drama should be taken into consideration. To some extent the type of sketch with which he started may be looked upon as a sort of narrated farce, and if it is still possible to find out the nature of Matthews's entertainments, to which Dickens himself declared he had been a regular attendant, we might here find the same display of droll characters as form the laughing stock in Dickens. Already the critics of Dickens's own period noticed this dramatic structure of the early *Sketches*. In a review of the book the " Morning Chronicle " wrote : " Many of these sketches are in the form of tales . . . several so ingenious in their plot, so full of *ris comica*, and told in so dramatic a manner, that they want little more than a division into scenes to become excellent theatrical pieces."

Characteristic of this " dramatic " type of sketch is the predominance of action and dialogue and the introduction of many scenic effects.

When Dickens began his series in the " Morning Chronicle," he chose for subjects London scenes, and his method in these sketches became more descriptive. He did not take up the dramatic method again until he began writing for " Bell's Life in London." The first sketch in this paper (*Seven Dials*—it was probably intended for the " Evening Chronicle ") certainly is descriptive, but the four next (*Miss Evans and the Eagle*, *The Dancing Academy*, *Making a Night of It*, *Love and Oysters*) belong to the earlier type, which, however, in the later contributions to this paper, is interchanged with the descriptive sketch.

There is hardly any doubt that the descriptive sketch was begun under the influence of Leigh Hunt, and as for the dramatic one, I have tried to find out whether it was quite a new feature in the press

of the day. It really seems that certain forerunners can be found in contemporary magazines and a study of these may prove fruitful. I have found—not only the type but also certain characters and subjects which appear again in Dickens, *e.g.* in "The Family Magazine," 1830, p. 47, a sketch: "The St. George and her Passengers"; "The Penny Story Teller," 1833, p. 97: "The Old Maids' Last Hope." In this story is used a traditional stage effect: misunderstandings arising from the fact that persons are not allowed to finish their sentences because the other party believes he has caught their meaning. Conversations of this kind will be found in several places in Dickens, and the story bears a certain resemblance to the end of the *Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle.*

In "The Original," May 5th, 1832, "An Episode in Fashionable Life," lies the germ of the story of Horatio Sparkins: Frederick Merivale Tierceleyne wins the favour of Lady Georgiana Cardale; one day she reads in the "Morning Post" the following notice: "Curious Case. Frederick Merivale Tierceleyne alias Benjamin Spinks charged with swindling and forgery."

Other magazines which bring sketches similar to Dickens's first efforts are: "The Story Teller" (1833, p. 97: The Lottery Ticket) and "The Metropolitan Magazine."

I have already quoted one of Dickens's letters to Macrone concerning the first collected edition of the *Sketches.* In the same letter there is a curious passage which, so far as I know, has not been explained. The beginning of the letter runs as follows:

> Precisely the idea you suggest about the metallic bubbles entered my brain after I left you the other day—bubbles from a spring impregnated with steel I have heard of: but bubbles coming direct from a steel instrument would, I am inclined to think be a natural curiosity. Are you particularly attached to the retention of the word "Brain"—when we can't preserve the Parody on Head's title?

This strange talk about metallic bubbles, and the question why they had planned a parody on Head's title, may be explained by a study of a book by this author (Sir F. B. Head) called: "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau. By an Old Man." According to the English Catalogue of Books from 1801-36 a book was published under this title by Murray in February, 1834. As I have no possibility of seeing this book (even the British Museum does not possess a copy), I pass on the suggestion to anyone who has. Is it possible that the contemplated title was "Bubbles from the Brain of Boz"?

THE NONESUCH DICKENS

The publication of the Nonesuch edition of Dickens was completed in June by the issue of the third volume of "Letters." This noteworthy collection of all the known letters of Dickens has received high praise from the principal press both here and in America. Mr. J. W. T. Ley was prevented by holidays from writing a review of the second and third volumes in time for this number of *The Dickensian*, but it will appear in the next.

THE SPIRIT OF MANCHESTER

"I NEVER came to Manchester without expecting pleasure, and I never left it without taking pleasure away." These words of Dickens must have re-echoed in the hearts of everyone who visited the city of the Brothers Cheeryble for the Dickens Fellowship Conference of 1938.

This spirit of Manchester, the spirit of warm-hearted generosity, greeted us as we entered the Midland Hotel, for there were Mrs. Fred Dean and Mrs. Arthur Dean to "smile us in," and at other hotels other ladies performed like functions.

If any delegates in their nervous eagerness, eluded those ladies, they found on their dressing tables a printed card expressing the welcome from the Manchester Branch.

Some who had arrived early proceeded to the John Rylands Library, where "a young man of the name of Guppy," who has for nearly 40 years directed the growth of the library, showed us treasures to delight the soul of the bibliographer—a fragment of papyrus dating from the early part of the second century, containing a part of St. John's Gospel; the English Bible of Coverdale and pre-Coverdale; printing before Caxton, beautiful and endurable; medieval manuscripts of great beauty; clay tablets showing book-keeping of the time of Abraham; and, of course, a valuable and unique collection of Dickensiana. No wonder Dr. Guppy declared that there was no man living with whom he would voluntarily change places.

The magnificent building of the John Rylands Library exemplifies another aspect of the spirit of Manchester. The widow spared no expense in making this edifice worthy of the memory of her husband. Nothing mean, nothing stinted, is worthy of Manchester. Again and again we saw evidence of breadth of vision allied to good taste. The spirit of the Cheerybles is not dormant. The "hard-headed" man glories in building up a business. He delights in seeing it grow to his ideal. But that ideal is growing higher and grander as he struggles towards it, for it is as progressive as its approach. He finds, however, that the accumulation of wealth gains its greatest pleasure in its distribution; and that the pleasure is multiplied if, like the widow of John Rylands, he gives constructive thought to the spending of his wealth.

Both sides of the spirit of Manchester were evident at the City Art Gallery when we were received by the Deputy Lord Mayor, Alderman Williams and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Fred R. Dean, the President of the Manchester Branch, and Mrs. F. R. Dean. On all sides richness was combined with appreciation of true art; and these qualities characterised the entertainment that was given us.

As we came out rain fell sharply, and many facetious remarks were made on Manchester's "proverbial" raininess—no more justified by facts than the "proverbial" ugliness of Wigan or the monopoly by the cockney of the dropping of the aspirate. Certainly the only other shower we encountered in this stay of four days was a negligible one as we emerged from the Cathedral on Sunday morning.

The Conference on Saturday morning was particularly happy. The large Council Chamber was crowded. Alderman Williams struck a happy note in making us welcome. The Chairman, Mr. Harry Evans, set a high tone in his presidential address. The Council's report was received with acclamation. The Treasurer's explanation of the Balance Sheet was characterised by felicity rather than lucidity. Mr. Cooper Sands set an example of happy brevity in moving the first of the necessary propositions. Those with suggestions made constructive proposals without querulousness or circumlocution. This co-operation, under the wise guidance of the Chairman, enabled us to close the serious business three quarters of an hour before the time fixed for the official photograph.

After lunch at the Manchester Limited we had evidence of the organising ability of Mr. Gradwell and the team spirit of Manchester Branch, as the two hundred delegates were piloted through the magnificent Central Library, where silence was enjoined, and Chetham's Hospital where space is limited. In the latter we saw in a beautiful medieval building the oldest free library; while the former showed us one of the newest, largest, and best equipped of modern libraries.

In one of the corridors of this Central Library there was set out a magnificent display of Dickensiana. Here were first editions lent by Sir Alfred Law, M.P., letters from Dickens to his old Schoolmaster, Giles, lent by Mr. Giles' grand-daughters, letters from Dickens to Mrs. Gaskell, letters from Harrison Ainsworth introducing Dickens and Forster to James Crossley, and dated just 100 years ago—a veritable treasure store, worthy of far more than this passing notice.

The banquet at the Midland Hotel will long be remembered for the tribute to Dickens—beautifully chosen words delivered in beautiful voice by Mr. James Bernard. While this oration was outstanding, the other speeches were of high level. The toast of the Dickens Fellowship, proposed by Judge T. B. Leigh, and the response by Mr. Harry Evans; the "City of Manchester" by Mr. Percy Carden, and the reply by Alderman Williams; "Our Guests" by the Chairman, Mr. Fred Dean, and the reply by Mr. John Coatman, of broadcasting fame, all showed careful preparation, and due regard to the literary taste of the audience, and the speed of the flight of time.

On Sunday morning large numbers assembled at the Cathedral, where the Dean warmly welcomed us, but explained that he thought they would prefer their usual Whitsunday service. The beautiful singing and the earnest sermon explanatory of the first Whitsunday, made us feel that the very absence of his name was a tribute to Dickens.

That afternoon we drove to Knutsford where every possible preparation had been made for our enjoyment of "Cranford."

The library was opened for our special benefit, and Mr. Beswick, the local representative on the Chester County Council, and a member of the Manchester Branch of the Fellowship, had arranged an exhibition of relics connected with Mrs. Gaskell, including a curtained Sedan

chair. We were enabled to visit the little Unitarian Chapel so closely connected with the authoress ; and took tea in the fine old Assembly Rooms of the " Royal George."

That evening we entertained ourselves, or, rather, most of us were entertained by the magic of Mr. Lea Axon, the recitals of Miss Laura Godfree, Mr. Leo Mason, and Mr. Cooper Sands, the songs of Miss Bessie Evans, and the Dickens sketches adapted and produced by Mrs. Evans.

We had been warned that on Monday the main streets of Manchester would be devoted to the " Whit walk," when many thousands of Sunday school children would parade the streets for the glory of their religion. We had expected something unique ; but few of us were prepared for anything so beautiful. Scores of groups of tiny children, glorying in their picturesque silk gowns were princesses for the day. A tiny fellow in an R.A.F. uniform was surely the proudest airman, while another equally small, marched ostentatiously as drum-major, praiseworthy for flourish, whatever may be said of his " time."

We tore ourselves from this fascinating pageant to mount our coaches for a drive through the Peak District. Chatsworth was visited, and lunch taken at a Hydro overlooking Matlock.

A delightful drive brought us to Buxton for tea, and back to Manchester in time for a dance at the invitation of the Manchester Branch. During the evening Mr. T. W. Hill expressed the thanks of the visitors to the Manchester Branch, especially mentioning Messrs. Dean, Evans, Gradwell, and Mackrell. Mr. Rust seconded, adding that the ladies merited equal thanks. Very appropriately, Mrs. Evans now took charge as " Mistress of the Ceremonies."

Like Dickens, we left Manchester taking pleasure away, but leaving our gratitude and undying love behind.

If it be indeed true that " what Manchester thinks to-day, London will think to-morrow," then London is wise.

The Branches represented at the Conference were : Balham, Hackney, Leyton, St. Pancras, Tabard Players, Bath, Blackburn, Blackpool, Brighton, Bromley, Cheltenham, Eastbourne, Edgware, Edinburgh, Lancaster, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Preston, Redditch, Rochester, Rugby, Sheffield, Shrewsbury, Southend, Tewkesbury, Hamilton, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Philadelphia, California Pickwick Club, and London.

S. J. R.

FIRST PRIZE TO RUGBY

A VERY successful year's work was reported at the Annual Meeting of the Rugby Branch, when all the officers, with the exception of the Hon. Treasurer (Mrs. Holford), who retired, were re-elected. The new Hon. Treasurer is Mrs. J. Sharples. It was reported that the branch was awarded the first prize in the historical section at Rugby Coronation Festivities for a stage coach and Dickens tableaux, that the annual dance realised a profit of over £10, and that the Tiny Tim Cot Fund now stands at £182 10s. 8d., an average of £60 a year.

GLORIOUS MAGIC*

By JAMES BERNARD

A MUTUAL interest in a great author is a bond of union wherever encountered, and there must be many present who, like myself, cannot imagine what life would have been like without the boon supplied by the novels of Dickens. At the age of nine I had free access to *Oliver Twist*, and since that vivid thrilling and entrancing experience my way of thought and view of life have been, in many respects, Dickensian. Intensity was added to those earliest impressions by my familiarity with the London that Dickens knew. In the early 'eighties the streets of London were but dimly lit; you might still observe uniformed footmen hanging on to the straps of carriages; hansom cabs, four-wheelers, represented the height of travelling luxury for those who could afford them; trams drawn by horses and omnibuses with hard seats carried the others who rode at all. Near where now the stately Kingsway runs were the Seven Dials and a region of dirty close lanes and alleys; where the police after night-fall went in couples; the public houses opened early in the morning and closed at midnight. It may therefore be realised that to a small boy the world of Oliver Twist did not seem very remote. Moreover, in the years I refer to and for a generation afterwards the supremacy of Dickens was almost unchallenged.

Unqualified enthusiast though I am for this king among writers, I can no more argue about his merits with those who love him not than I can debate about the merits of Shakespeare. When some young man tells me that he cannot read Dickens I know I ought to be able to bring forth a dozen good reasons for awakening his interest. But I cannot. I can only say, "It amazes me that the writer to whom I owe some of the greatest joys in life; to whom I ever turn in times of depression, disappointment, and even in bereavement; who for more than fifty years has comforted, inspired and helped me—should mean nothing to you. I am sorry. I *can* read him and I thank God for him every time I open one of his glorious works."

It is impossible to define his magic; his command over comedy and tragedy; his tenderness, his emotion, his high spirits; yes, but these qualities have been possessed by other writers. Dickens has all the gifts of the greatest, and in addition, some God-like essence that is all his own. Edmund Gosse came near an explanation when he said, "Dickens leads us rapidly through a thronged fairyland, now sentimental, now horrific, of which we know him all the time to be the creator."

Dickens was a *creator*. The great characters in his books never existed until he produced them alive. Let us try to kill a heresy. It is often said that he put his father and mother into his books and therefore showed something less than filial respect. Mrs. Nickleby, it is claimed, is a portrait of his mother and Micawber one of his father. Mrs. John Dickens may have been a garrulous lady prone to monologues

* The toast to The Immortal Memory at the Conference Dinner Midland Hotel, Manchester, June 4th, 1938.

about everything and nothing. There have been and still are excellent ladies with similar tendencies. But Mrs. Nickleby in all the full and perfect glory of her delightful inconsequence never existed until her author gave her life. John Dickens was improvident, genial and over hopeful. There have been many such middle-aged fathers As with Mrs. Nickleby, certain traits, manners of speech may have ignited some divine spark in Charles Dickens's brain, but the artistic splendour that is Wilkins Micawber had no existence outside the world of his creator.

A few years ago an inferior novel appeared attacking the fair name and work of Dickens. It was therein sneeringly suggested that one of his supreme creations was due to his having met a man with a certain peculiarity of speech very common to Cockneys at that period. But Sam Weller (that great wit and philosopher) until he came straight from his author's teeming brain, had no existence. The same is true about all the great Dickens characters. Mannerisms of speech, oddities of dress and behaviour did undoubtedly set something at work in that god-like brain, but the characters came not forth by observation and memory ; they were the result of an act of generation in the mind of a genius. Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Micawber, Mr. Toots, and the rest of the glorious company never were on earth until Dickens created them and they are only on earth by virtue of that magic world which he had the divine power of making for us. They are none the less real for that. It was much more important that Dickens should make us see life as *he* imagined it than that he should show us life as *we* see it.

The Toast is The Immortal Memory. Is it Immortal ? Yes. As surely as Shakespeare's. Mr. Pickwick will endure as long as Sir John Falstaff, Sam Weller as long as Touchstone ; Fagin will haunt the memory down the ages as does Shylock. Mrs. Gamp and Dame Quickly belong to the same undying company of delightful vulgarians. Toby Belch and Tony Weller will quaff their liquor with unbated zest for endless ages, and utter hazy profundities with Mr. Bumble and Dogberry ; Quilp is as permanent an inhabitant of the world of imagination as Caliban ; Montague Tigg as Braggart Pistol. Mr. Toots has been named by G. K. Chesterton as " the Twin of Romeo," and he is worthy the comparison ; and who would claim that the noble Brutus is more noble than Daniel Peggotty ; and so long as men's hearts are melted by the sorrows of children the same chords which vibrate in sympathy with Prince Arthur will respond to Paul Dombey, Little Nell, The Marchioness, Poor Jo and Smike.

Your President, Mr. F. R. Dean, has written a full and interesting account of our author's connections with Manchester.* I beg leave to add to that record one slight but characteristic item. An old friend C. S. Knowles, long since passed away, in his day a well-known writer in Manchester, told me of hearing Dickens read in the Free Trade Hall. Some one connected with Mr. Knowles was engaged at the Queen's Hotel where Dickens and his party put up. After supper this person having some duty in the vicinity of the room where the author and his

* See *Dickensian*, Summer number, 1938.

friends were located, was surprised by seeing the whole company engaged in an hilarious game of leap-frog with Dickens leading the frolic. How truly in keeping with his volatile spirit ! First thrilling a great audience, moving them to laughter and tears, and then like a boy released from school, having a joyous lark with his chums. Wherever Dickens went he was attended by a coterie of fascinated worshippers. Is it not good to think of Dickens being told to " tuck in his twopenny " like any ordinary mortal ?

Now, a hundred years later, in a time when " men's hearts are failing them because of fear " and when many clouds darken the immediate future, we may at least thank God that Pickwick and all the glorious company of their Master are still with us to teach us patience and to bid us " lift up our hearts."

Let me end on some of the closing words of the finest appreciation ever written of this master novelist since Forster's great book ; G. K. Chesterton's " Charles Dickens " : " We have a long way to travel before we get back to what Dickens meant . . . but this at least is part of what he meant ; that comradeship and serious joy are not interludes in our travel ; but that rather our travels are interludes in comradeship and joy which through God shall endure for ever."

THE TRUTH ABOUT MRS. HARRIS

By PEGGY WEBLING

IT is my hope and intention, after deep research, to throw a new light (if that is possible) on a famous character that Charles Dickens himself describes as surrounded by a fearful mystery. I boldly assert, in a spirit of modern courage, that *Mrs. Harris did exist.*

She is not a shadow, a vague, characterless creature ; but a living, affectionate, fine woman. We have believed too long that she was a mental abstraction—a mere figment of the brain of Sairey Gamp. No ! Mrs. Gamp might have imagined such an ordinary name as Harris, but to say she was capable of inventing full and circumstantial evidence of Mrs. Harris's interesting life-story is an absurd exaggeration.

There is no suggestion of mystery when we are first introduced to her. We feel that she is as solid and real a person as any of Mrs. Gamp's other patients, be it Mrs. Whilks, or Mrs. Perkins, or Mrs. Gill. Is it only a flight of fancy on Mrs. Gamp's part to tell Mr. Pecksniff it was Mrs. Harris's generosity which inspired that memorable sentiment : ' Leave the bottle on the chimney-piece and let me put my lips to it when I feel so dispoged " ? Absurd ! Mrs. Gamp never has a flight of fancy. It cannot be denied that we are told " no one in the circle of Mrs. Gamp's acquaintance had ever seen Mrs. Harris." But is it not probable that this apparently plain statement is one—to quote Mrs. Gamp herself—" that lambs could not forgive nor worms forget " ? Mr. Sweedlepipe doubts the reality of Mrs. Harris ; Mr. Mould never questions it ; John Westlock accepts it as a fact.

Who is the witness on the other side ? Betsy Prig ! It is Betsy Prig who utters those tremendous words : " I don't believe there's

no sich a person ! " Are we to believe such a " bage creetur—such a twining serpiant "—as Mrs. Prig ? Dickens himself does not support her, for he only says she had " *challenged* the well-remembered name."

Now, let us consider how much we know of Mrs. Harris. To begin, we find she is as young a woman as is compatible with being the mother of nine children and having known Mrs. Gamp for eight-and-thirty years. She is a handsome woman, for her face is mentioned as " quite a angel's," in spite of its pimples.

She is married to the best of husbands, who actually spent ten shillings and sixpence on a portrait of his wife (in their courting days), and never caused her to " form a wish to pizon them as had good looks." She is the daughter of a pleasant singer, whose " callin' was in the customsus," and was " took so strange on one occasion that six men had to hold him, foaming frightful." Again, we know that Mrs. Harris's sister is married to a master sawyer, and her nephew is a guard upon a railway. Again, her brother-in-law is six foot three and could be identified anywhere " by a mad bull in Wellington boots upon his left arm." Once more, she had a dear sister whose infant " was kep' in spirits in a bottle " and exhibited at Greenwich Fair.

We are told where she lives, although the actual street is not named—" through the square and up the steps a-turnin' round by the tobacker shop "—and we can conclude that it was a pleasant residence, for it was there that Mr. Harris (before the birth of his first) stopped his ears in an empty dog-kennel, his wife being told that " his 'owls was organs."

It was in the parlour of this happy home that little Tommy Harris, who called Mrs. Gamp his own Gammy, is reported as watching in his mother's arms for her approach, and where, in earlier days, he nearly choked himself " with a small red-worsted shoe a-gurgling in his throat." We are given touching details of two at least of the Harris children—one of them is said to coo sweetly, though bandy ; and the other has mottled little legs.

Lastly, there is a portrait of our heroine hanging in Mrs. Gamp's room in Kingsgate Street ; it is in bronze and represents a lady in feathers—Mrs. Harris as she appeared when dressed for a ball.

If it were possible to ignore all this cumulative evidence, we should still be faced with the proof of a Personality. Mrs. Harris's sentiments are impressive and philosophical :—

" Years and our trials sets marks upon us all."

" Oh, Sairey, Sairey, little do we know what lays afore us ! "

" If ever a woman lived as would see her feller creeturs into fits to serve her friends, that woman's name is Sairey Gamp."

" Sairey, sech is life. Vich likeways is the hend of all things ! "

Let us reflect, calmly and courageously, upon all these facts and then say—if we dare—that the Dickensians of the past were right in supporting the cruel, venomous testimony of Betsy Prig. In the words of Mrs. Harris herself do not let us " debage ourselves to *her*."

Let us uphold the devoted Sairey and declare, once for all, that *Mrs. Harris did exist.*

THE LONDON DICKENS KNEW

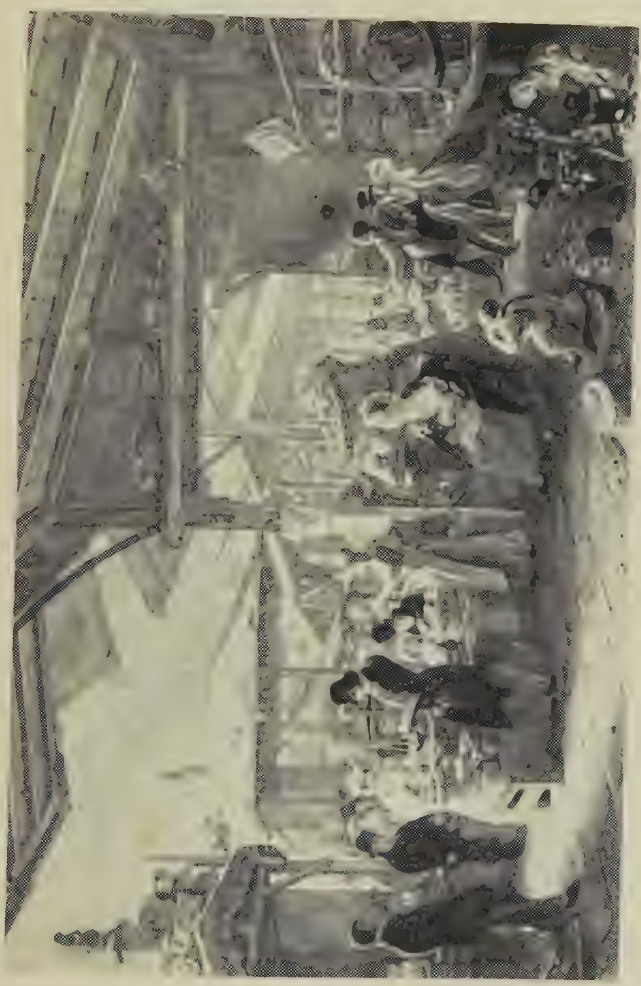
WE are indebted to the Editor of "The Listener" for the loan of the illustrations printed on this and the following pages. They were reproduced to support the contention in an able article by Mr. D. F. Aitken contributed to "The Listener," that in his descriptions

Advertising Green's Balloon Ascent, 1836, by George Scharf

of places Dickens did not exaggerate. Mr. Aitken points out that just at the very time Dickens was wandering about the London streets absorbing all the details he was to describe a few years later in *Sketches by Boz*, a German artist, George Scharf, had settled in London and

On board the Gravesend Steam Boat, 1842, by George Scharf

come under its spell. He made many sketches of London life, from 1825-1842, which are preserved in two portfolios at the British Museum, and here reproduced by permission of the Director. They might well



Covent Garden Market in 1825 by George Scharf

be illustrations to the *Sketches*, so well do the scenes pictured fit into Dickens's description of "Shops and their Tenants," "Vauxhall Gardens," "The River," "Streets," to which authoritative pieces of description our readers will doubtless now turn once again.

WHO WAS—

(*Answers to Questions on page* 184)

1. Mrs. Jellyby; 2. Mr. Nadgett; 3. Chevy Slyme; 4. Montague Tigg; 5. Sim Tappertit; 6. Mr. Creakle; 7. Mrs. General; 8. William Dorrit; 9. Mark Tapley; 10. Ralph Nickleby; 11. Mrs. Pipchin; 12. Mrs. Bardell's other lodger; 13. Tom Pinch; 14. Rigaud; 15. Mr. Tulkinghorn.

THE FAMILY IN THE DAYS OF DICKENS

By FLORENCE TYLEE

WHEN I was a child card-playing was looked upon as a stepping stone to ruin by many good and pious people, though not that form of it which was a favourite pastime in our nursery, where, indeed, it was never spoken of by such a terrible name. We spoke of " Playing Quartettes "—and although cards were used they had no resemblance to " the Devil's Picture Books," with their exciting Royal Families and their attendants in red and black uniforms. The nearest we ever got to these gaily-coloured Kings and Queens and their offspring was a game called " Happy Families." These, unlike the more educational " Authors," " Counties of England," and " Shakespeare Quartettes " were actually highly coloured and I have vivid recollections of Mr. Potts the Painter carrying a large can of red paint, and Master Potts licking a brush full of that pigment, with obviously defiant enjoyment. Miss Potts, his sister, was wearing a multi-coloured pinafore and had round sky-blue eyes. Of Mrs. Potts I have no remembrance; but Mrs. Bones, the butcher's wife, was evidently intended as an advertisement, for she remains in my visual memory as an immensely fat woman with plump, rosy cheeks. All these " Happy Families " were, as you will notice, small families, though they numbered one more than the fashionable family of to-day, which is popularly said to consist of a husband and wife and a baby car. To secure these four members of the twelve families, was the aim of the players and I think we innocent gamblers enjoyed our game as much as, or more than, the habitués of Monte Carlo do, and were almost as much excited, though I hope less quarrelsome, than some modern bridge players. But it could only have been in the latter years of Dickens that a family of only four began to be considered ideal. He himself was one of a family of eight, and half a dozen of these lived to grow up, and play their parts in " that family life of which there is so much less nowadays," to quote the words of a famous preacher in his New Year's sermon, A.D. 1938. Of course, the phrase Family Life must be capable of very different interpretations; I have often been struck by the expression in some of the advertisements in the " Situations Wanted " column of the newspapers, " Not as Family." Obviously the advertiser has not been impressed by the way in which some families live and treat each other, and wish to safeguard themselves on becoming members of the household.

I think that in the days of Dickens what is known as family feeling was much stronger than it is to-day, probably because, as I have said, the families were larger and there were more of them to feel. Dickens himself improved on his father's record, and was the proud parent of ten sons and daughters of whom all except Dora Annie and his son Walter outlived him. I think he, like most of his contemporaries, believed in large families, and he certainly had a genius for describing them and making them interesting. His favourable opinion of the

large family was evidently shared by many of his characters, especially by Mr. Vincent Crummles :

> " Nicholas was standing with his back to the curtain . . . listening to a couple of people who were cracking nuts in the gallery, wondering whether they made the whole audience, when the Manager himself . . . accosted him. ' Been in front to-night ? ' ' No,' replied Nicholas, ' not yet, I am going to see the play.' ' We've had a pretty good let,' said Mr. Crummles, ' Four front places in the centre and the whole of the stage-box ! ' ' Oh, indeed ! ' said Nicholas ; ' a family, I suppose.' ' Yes,' replied Mr. Crummles. ' Yes, it's an affecting thing. There are six children . . . pa and ma eight, aunt nine, governess ten, grandfather and grandmother twelve . . . It's cheap at a guinea ; they gain by taking a box.' ' I wonder you allow so many,' observed Nicholas. ' There's no help for it,' replied Mr. Crummles : it's always expected in the country. If there are six children, six people come to hold them in their laps. A family-box carries double always.' "

Six was evidently the smallest number that Dickens considered as correctly constituting a family. Later on in the same book we find Mr. Kenwigs muffling the street door-knocker in a white kid glove (the cheapest, at fourteen pence a pair) to indicate to residents in the street that a new baby had arrived. Where indeed no less than three other knockers had been muffled, one after the other, within the last forty-eight hours.

" Well, Mr. Kenwigs," said Dr. Lumbey, " this makes six. You'll have a fine family in time, sir." " I think six is almost enough, sir," returned Mr. Kenwigs. " Pooh ! Pooh ! " said the doctor, " not half enough." But as to whether the other half dozen suggested by the doctor ultimately arrived, history is silent ; we are told, however, that in later years " a group," which may mean any number, gathered round the rich and prosperous merchant, Nicholas Nickleby.

We have a typical Dickensian family in *Our Mutual Friend*. The cherubic little man, Reginald Wilfer, popularly known as Rumty, is described as " a poor clerk with a limited salary and an unlimited family." Owing to which he had never attained his modest ambition to wear a complete suit of new clothes, hats and boots included, at one time.

If we move into a rather higher class, we find that the large family was the rule rather than the exception. The mansion at the gates of which Silas Wegg established himself, seems to have housed a number of children as well as their elder relations who had taken up their abode there in a fashion certainly not possible in the modern flat even if of the luxury description. The question which agitated people some years back, after the publication of a certain widely read novel—Should married women be allowed a career apart from that of bringing up a husband and family ? must have often occurred to Mr. Jellyby, that mild, bald, quiet gentleman in spectacles who was completely submerged by the more shining qualities of his wife. Those were not the days of women Members of Parliament or Women Barristers or Lady Doctors. So Mrs. Jellyby could only devote herself to an

extensive variety of public questions, and especially those connected with Africa and the settlement of a portion of the superabundant population in Borrioboola Gha. With the result that her numerous children grew up dirty, ignorant and uncared for. Her house was disgracefully cold, cheerless and untidy ; and her husband became a dejected and miserable bankrupt.

Mrs. Pardiggle, another mother of many, seems to have been more fitted to combine philanthropy with the cares of a family of five boys—girls there may have been, but if so they were, like most little girls in those days, possibly seen, certainly not heard, nor in *Bleak House* even heard of. Probably the husband of Mrs. Pardiggle saw to it that they were not so neglected as the Jellyby children and certainly he was of a very different type from the unfortunate Mr. Jellyby. He is described as " an obstinate looking man, with a large waistcoat and stubbly hair, always talking in a loud bass voice about his mite, or Mrs. Pardiggle's mite or their five boys' mites." Certainly a very incorrect description of his own charitable gifts, as they certainly did not represent the " half of his income," like the widow's of blessed memory, though it might be true of the sums deducted more or less voluntarily from the pocket money of Alfred, Egbert, Oswald, Felix, and Francis Pardiggle on behalf of the Tockahoopo Indians, the great National Smithers Testimonial, the Superannuated Widows, and the Infant Bonds of Joy. I do not think that Mr. O. A. Pardiggle, F.R.S., would have allowed himself to be reduced to the condition of Mr. Jellyby. He probably took an immodest pride in his wife's achievements as long as his own comfort did not suffer ! Mrs. Pardiggle was one of those very competent women who could combine successfully matrimony, motherhood, missions, and meals. We are nowhere told that she was a *beautiful woman.* Mrs. Jellyby, on the other hand, is described as " a very pretty, very diminutive woman . . . with handsome eyes, which had a curious habit of looking a long way off. So entirely devoted to Philanthropy that she had no time to consider the happiness and welfare of her own family." So perhaps it did not make much difference whether that family were large or small !

For those who fancy that large families are peculiar to books by Dickens, I would refer them to the works of Charlotte Yonge, who was born eleven years after he appeared and was the author of " The Heir of Redclyffe," published in the same year as *Little Dorrit.* She specialised in families ! They seldom numbered less than a dozen, usually with several pairs of twins, and were generally the offspring of bishops, priests, or deacons or of impecunious and overworked doctors. Unlike the fathers in Dickens, the head of the family usually died young, leaving a young heroic widow to bring up the fatherless family on a very inadequate income. I do not know if Charles and Charlotte ever met, but had they done so I fancy he might have given her some very practical hints about families and their origins of which she seems to have been lamentably ignorant.

Dickens does deal occasionally with small families, and they, unlike the large ones, seldom had to manage on small means, or live in small

houses. Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap, for instance, appear to have had only one child, Georgiana, a shy, foolish, affectionate girl in training for Society, but crushed by the mere dead-weight of Podsnappery, that delightful word which was taken by Miss Rose Macaulay for the title of her trenchant indictments of English family life. Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap had probably, like most prospective parents, set their hearts on having a son, who in those benighted Victorian days, would have been the hub of his parents' universe, and for whose sake any sisters would have been relegated to back seats in the family coach, the outward and visible sign of family wealth and dignity in pre-motor days. Georgiana is usually referred to by her pompous progenitor as " the young person " and considered as symbolising all girls of good families for whom everything in their limited world must be specially treated, before they were allowed to know anything about it ! When the Dickensian girl emerged from the Ladies' Seminary in England, or abroad, or escaped from the schoolrooms at home, where they had been more or less educated by cheap, overworked governesses while their brothers ran up bills at Oxford or Cambridge, the question about everything was, " Would it bring a blush to the cheek of the young person ? " Mr. Podsnap found the family representative of this institution most inconvenient, for poor Georgiana was always liable to burst into blushes without any apparent reason. This sisterless and brotherless daughter of the house of Podsnap was allowed no companionship but that of older people. Georgiana's early views of life were principally derived from the reflections of it in her father's boots, and in the walnut and rosewood and mahogany tables of the dim drawing and dining rooms with their giants of looking glasses. And now that she was supposed to have grown up, and be ready to take her place in Society, she was on most days solemnly tooled through the Park by the side of her mother in a great, tall, custard-coloured phaeton, " showing above the apron of that vehicle like a dejected young person, sitting up in bed to take a startled look at things in general, and very strongly desiring to get her head under the counterpane again." Neither Mr. Podsnap nor Mr. Dombey, that other Dickensian parent of an only daughter, seem to have considered these girls as anything but " encumbrances," the word used to describe children in general in certain inhuman advertisements for a domestic staff that I have come across. If only such a Dickensian parent could return to earth in these days and be placed in the position of the nominal head of the family in a household consisting of a quartette, I fancy that like the unlucky hero of *Vice-Versa*, he might begin to realise that the name of father is not the same as " Despot," that neither wives nor children should be treated as chattels, and that though children are commanded to honour both father and mother, the fathers are specially admonished by a very wise and inspired writer, " not to provoke their children to wrath." There were many ways in which an average, intelligent, normal child could be provoked to wrath in the days when Mr. Dombey and Mr. Podsnap ruled their families and certainly the stern parent is very frequently depicted in

the novels of Dickens's day, though probably there were plenty of good and even too indulgent fathers then.

It was, of course, the daughters, whether only or numerous, who bore the brunt of the despotism, and, as a rule, meekly and uncomplainingly. The Georgiana of to-day would be very different. Probably known to her intimates as Georgy, instead of being tooled along in a high yellow phaeton, she would be summoned for exceeding the speed limit in a built-up area, or leaving her car in a busy street for an outrageous time while having her hair " permed." The modern Florence Dombey would be demanding (and getting) her own latchkey, and rushing off to Switzerland for winter sports. She would meet Georgiana at the Tennis Club and at cocktail parties, and they and their friends, male and female, would discuss the topics that once brought so many blushes to the cheeks of " The Young Person," without adding by a single shade to the fashionable complexion of the hour. Poor Mr. Dombey ! He would have no recourse but to marry, as a third wife, the dejected widow of the late Mr. Grundy, and depart with her to some conventional country where they might mingle their lamentations, and perhaps, who knows ? their repentance and regrets for misused powers. For, after all, a reformed Mrs. Grundy-Dombey might be a useful check on some of the " Bright Young People " who have taken the place of the meek, submissive daughters of the past.

As for the sons, they have always been well able to look after themselves, and to take full advantage of the code that everything must be done for them, however much their sisters are sacrificed. It must too be owned that in days when few women were expected to earn their own living, they usually accepted a certain amount of responsibility for their spinster sisters, left more or less penniless on the death of their parents. Maiden Aunts became a family institution, and were certainly often most useful. We meet many of them, good, bad, and indifferent in the pages of Dickens. Sometimes, no doubt, they were very lovable ladies, helpful to a busy mother, and good friends to their nieces and nephews. But I do not think Miss Rachel Wardle was much appreciated by her pretty nieces. She is described as " a spinster of doubtful age, with a peculiar dignity in her air, majesty in her eye and touch-me-notishness in her walk." I'm afraid that Isabella and Emily Wardle found food for mirth in poor Aunt Rachel's frustrated elopement with Mr. Jingle !

Certainly sisters, and cousins, and aunts, must have taken up a fair amount of room in the households that sheltered them. The large opulent families required large family mansions to accommodate them, and there seems to have been no difficulty in finding such mansions plus a domestic staff to occupy the basements and attics. We never hear anything in the pages of Dickens of the shortage of houses. The families who owned big country and town houses lived in them. The " stately homes of England " celebrated by Felicia Hemans, and the " Locksley Halls " of Tennyson, had not yet been turned into schools, hotels and clubs. The idea of a " flat " as a possible family dwelling would have been abhorrent to most of the families of those days.

Can you fancy Mr. Dombey, Mr. Podsnap or Sir Leicester Dedlock consenting to live in one of those huge blocks of dwellings miscalled Courts and Mansions, however dignified in appearance ? Even the " family skeleton " would refuse to move into such a place, especially as there would probably be no cupboard to accommodate him (or her) ; and what self-respecting skeleton would possibly submit to be housed in a built-in wardrobe or some piece of modern divan bed, instead of the dear old four-poster, with curtains through which it could stretch a fleshless, bony hand ?

As to the humbler families of Dickens's day in their tiny houses with no bathrooms, gas-fires or geysers, at least they had not to endure the noise from neighbours overhead, or loud-speakers let loose at unearthly hours. In their case the staff was often non-existent or represented by some small girl at a minute wage such as the Marchioness, or Guster, maidservant to the Snagsbys. She had been taken originally from the Workhouse and was desperately afraid of being sent back there ; and being subject to fits, was occasionally found with her head in the pail, or the sink, or the copper, or the dinner, or anything else that happened to be near her at the time of her seizure. Presumably Mrs. Snagsby, like Mrs. Pepys, found it difficult to get maids for the wages she could afford. Dickens tells us of the young servant-girl from Chatham Workhouse who, after the landlord had seized for his rent most of the furniture in the Gower Street house, camped there with the family in the two parlours. Later on when the family had to leave the house and take up their abode with the head of it in the Marshalsea Prison, she became the daily-girl, and waited on them in what seems to have been the nearest approach to a block of modern flats known in the days of Dickens ! It is a pity that the prison was demolished before residential flats became the fashion ! " Marshalsea Court " would sound quite an attractive address ! We are told that the family had no want of bodily comforts there. The father's income was amply sufficient for that, and in every respect indeed but elbow room, they lived more comfortably in prison than they had done for a long time out of it. Charles used to join the family for breakfast as soon as the gates were opened in the morning, meeting on his way from his lodgings in Lant Street the kindly little maid hurrying to her daily duties. And from her sharp little wordly ways and wisdom he gathered the impression which long afterwards materialised in the Marchioness of *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

According to *The Pickwick Papers*, the Fleet Prison seems also to have had many of the advantages and disadvantages of the modern flat. Here too, a faithful servant in the person of Sam Weller, waited devotedly on his master. The Fleet also had a similarity to its twentieth-century version, in its lack of " elbow room."

The butlers and footmen who were deemed indispensable in the early and middle years of the nineteenth century do not seem to have had such a bad time on the whole. It was in the families where only one maid was kept that there was often really bad and inconsiderate treatment. Of course there were outstanding exceptions. I am sure

Peggotty, the whole of the " domestic staff " in Mrs. David Copperfield's family, had no reason to complain of her conditions, and must have been equally satisfactory as nurse, cook-general, house-keeper and familly friend. But perhaps the modern mistress would hesitate to engage for a maid " a girl with no shape at all, cheeks and arms hard and red, and so plump that whenever she made any little exertion after she was dressed, some of the buttons on the back of her gown flew off," Mrs. Youngwife in 1938, requires someone more after the pattern of the " Nippies " in the Lyons advertisement, though even Susan Nipper, who was the protectress as well as the attendant of Florence Dombey, would not quite come up to her standard of a perfection she will never find, unless angels from heaven descend to earth and wash up the crockery and sweep her floors like the dear little ones I remember to have seen depicted doing servants' work in the home at Nazareth, in a wonderful old etching by Albrecht Dürer.

Things have changed for the better as regards families in the last hundred years. It has at last been realised that though born of the same parents, children are not necessarily all of the family pattern. Co-education, unheard of in Dickens's day, has done much to level up the position and treatment of sons and daughters ; the daughters, no longer formed on Mrs. General's system of preventing them from forming any opinions at all, are not slow in making up their minds and expressing their opinions in the plainest of terms. Mrs. General's way of disposing of difficulties and improprieties was to lock them up in cupboards and say they did not exist. But so few cupboards are provided for homes that her plan would not work nowadays.

IRVING and JINGLE

THE Centenary of the birth of Sir Henry Irving was celebrated with befitting dignity by a Memorial Performance at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on May 23rd. It was about 1868, shortly before Irving appeared in his first Dickensian rôle in London—Bill Sikes—that Dickens saw him in a small part and prophesied that " If that young man does not one day come out as a great actor I know nothing of art." Subsequently Irving made a great success as Jingle at the Lyceum (1871). A scene from the adaptation of *The Pickwick Papers* then used, figured as the first of a series of episodes from six of Irving's greatest successes, at the Centenary Performance. On this occasion Laurence Olivier appeared as Jingle, to the admirable Pickwick of Edmund Gwenn, the Sam Weller of George Benson, the Winkle of Esmé Percy, the Snodgrass of Ernest Thesiger, the Tupman of Morland Graham, the Cabman of Alexander Field, and the Sally (of the White Hart) of Hermione Baddeley.

L. S.

GEORGE ELIOT

WHO WALKED WITH INTELLECTUAL KINGS AND LOST THE COMMON TOUCH

BY JANE BACON

GEORGE ELIOT, or, to give her correct name, Mary Ann Evans, was born at Arbury Farm, Warwickshire, on 22nd November, 1819. Her father was land agent to Francis Newdigate, a kinsman of the founder of the Newdigate Prize Poem, so that one might almost say she was born in a literary atmosphere. She was the youngest of the three children of Robert Evans's second marriage and showed no remarkable precocity in her early years, being a thoughtful, sensitive, affectionate child, devoted to her brother Isaac, who was three years her senior. Their early adventures are more or less idealised in her novel, " The Mill on the Floss " and in a series of sonnets called " Brother and Sister."

Her education commenced at the age of five, when she and her sister became weekly boarders at a school a few miles away, going later to another at Nuneaton where she became especially intimate with the principal governess, Miss Lewis, and finishing at a third at Coventry. Her passion for reading had developed early and she showed a remarkable aptitude for music and languages, continuing these studies until her mother's death obliged her to leave school and keep house for her father and brother.

Although an exemplary housewife, she found the trivial round of everyday affairs irksome; her sister had married and lived some distance away, she made no friends and suffered much from her brother's lack of companionship and so lived in a state of mental loneliness, conscious of abilities for which she could find no application, and with no one in her immediate circle to help or guide her. Her sole recreation seems to have been her correspondence with Miss Lewis, to whom she wrote regularly and at great length. One letter indicates that she read a deal of miscellaneous literature during these years. " My mind," she says, " presents an assemblage of disjointed specimens of history, ancient and modern; scraps of poetry picked up from Shakespeare, Cowper, Wordsworth and Milton; newspaper topics, Latin verbs, geometry, entomology and chemistry, reviews and metaphysics; all petrified and smothered by everyday events, household cares and anxieties." In another letter she discussed the ethics of reading fiction; she admits the need of knowing standard works in order to recognise everyday allusions, quoting Scott, Defoe, Cervantes and Shakespeare, although in regard to the latter she says " One should be as nice as the bee, to suck nothing but honey from his pages " and holds that novel reading in general can supply no great mental benefit, and is inclined to lead to " building castles in the air."

One cannot help feeling that this very serious young woman of nineteen would have been all the better for a little less learning and a little more laughter.

About this time she met the wife of her father's younger brother,

Mrs. Samuel Evans, a Methodist preacher, by whom she was greatly impressed, being herself strongly Evangelical. From Mrs. Evans the character of Dinah Morris in " Adam Bede " was afterwards drawn.

At the age of 21, she and her father removed to Coventry and here her religious views underwent a decided change through meeting with a family of the name of Bray, who were akin to her intellectually, but were confessed sceptics, and through them her Evangelical beliefs began to waver. She indicated this change in another letter to Miss Lewis—" My whole soul has been engrossed in the most interesting of all enquiries, and to what result my thoughts will lead I know not, possibly one that will startle you ; but my whole desire is to know the truth, my only fear to cling to error."

Her change of belief was rapid and in less than a year led to her refusal to go to church and caused a breach with her father which threatened the break-up of their home, but friends intervened and effected a reconciliation. For the next seven years she lived at Coventry, her father apparently asking no questions about her opinions, nor interfering with her friendships.

During this time she undertook her first literary effort, the completion of a translation of Straus's " Life of Jesus " which had been commenced by a friend, and for two years she was absorbed in the task, though towards the end she found it depressing and was often thoroughly bored, or, as she expressed it, " Straus sick." The book appeared without the translator's name in 1846.

Soon after this her father's health began to fail and for the next three years all her time was spent in nursing him ; he died in 1849. After a prolonged holiday in Geneva she returned to England hoping to find work or, as she expressed it, " Some woman's duty, some responsibility in devoting myself to the life of another."

A friend introduced her to Mr. Chapman, who had lately acquired the " Westminster Review." From him she accepted the post of Assistant Editor to that paper and went to live with the Chapmans in the Strand. Here she met some of the most eminent philosophers and authors of the Victorian age ; Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, to name but a few. Her work for the paper was most strenuous and exacting and her life at times, she says, " One long nightmare, reading dreary articles, wading through thick German volumes, ploughing through masses of arid topics." In addition to all this she was translating Feuerbach's " Essence of Christianity " which appeared under her own name in 1854.

The editorial work became too much for her and she resigned in 1853.

Herbert Spencer had introduced her to George H. Lewes, a young man who had caused much comment and some disturbance in literary circles. Lewes, who was then editing " The Leader," was a brilliant talker and most genial companion. Although she was at first " repelled by his levity " she was after a time attracted in spite of herself and found in his society the friendship and affection for which she had always craved. Encouraged by him she began to concentrate on purely imaginative work and her first story, " The Sad Fortune of the Rev.

Amos Barton," resulted. Lewes sent the story, stating it had been written by a friend, to Blackwood, the publisher, who accepted it; and this, and the further stories making up the volume of "Scenes from Clerical Life," appeared under the name of "George Eliot" (the first name as a compliment to Lewes, and Eliot as it was a good, easily-pronounced word). The book attracted a great deal of notice, Mrs. Carlyle and Froude being more than cordial in its praise; the work was ascribed by most to belong to a man, but Dickens, who wrote a most enthusiastic criticism, had a keener insight, saying that in spite of the assumed name the writer was a woman, if not: "No man ever had the art of making himself so like a woman since the world began."

Incidentally, Dickens does not appear to have created any great impression upon her, judging by her letter to the Brays on 5th May, 1852, in regard to a meeting, presumably of authors, publishers and booksellers held at the Chapmans: "Dickens in the Chair—a position he fills remarkably well, preserving a courteous neutrality of eyebrow, and speaking with clearness and decision. His appearance is certainly disappointing—no benevolence in the face and, I think, little in the head; the anterior lobe not by any means remarkable, in fact he is not distinguished looking in any way, neither handsome nor ugly, fat nor thin, neither tall nor short."

Her letters contain but one further brief reference to Dickens:—"Dickens has written me the noblest, most touching words about 'Adam' not hyperbolical compliments but expressions of deep feeling. He says the reading made an epoch in his life."*

Dickens made many efforts to induce her to write a long story for *All The Year Round*, but in vain. "Adam (or Eve) Bede is terrified by the novel difficulties of serial writing: cannot turn in the space," he wrote to Lever in 1860.

The plot of "Adam Bede" had been suggested by a personal experience of her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, who, in the days of her Methodist ministry, had been called to hear the confession of a young woman who was executed for child murder. George Eliot had discussed this plot with Lewes, who encouraged her to write the story and make the young preacher—Dinah Morris—the heroine. The book appeared in 1858 and was an instantaneous success, placing its author in the front rank of Victorian novelists.

Dinah's claim to be the heroine rests naturally upon the views of the individual reader; personally, I consider Mrs. Poyser to be the dominant character of the book; her sharp tongue, kindly nature and shrewd wit completely overshadow Dinah's somewhat monotonous goodness, and supply the only humorous relief in the story.

"The Mill on the Floss" followed in 1860 and is judged by many to be the better book. Its early chapters are more or less autobiographical and contain some of her best descriptive writing and character studies. The maternal aunts—Glegg and Pullet—supply the humour; Mrs. Glegg being twin sister to Mrs. Varden in the manner of treating her husband and imbibing spiritual comfort after wordy warfare.

* See page 269.

" Silas Marner," published in 1861, an unusual, powerfully-written story, was, in spite of its touches of rustic humour, considered rather sombre. It was the last of the spontaneously-written stories reflecting the writer's early memories, the five later books being in most cases laboriously created. She was at all times subject to fits of intense depression and during the period of writing " Romola " was often " tormented by hopelessness and misery." This story published in " The Cornhill Magazine " in fourteen parts, brought further laurels but was not an unqualified success, probably being a little above the intelligence of the average reader.

" Felix Holt," a story dealing with Social Reform ; " The Spanish Gipsy," her one attempt at poetic drama ; and " Daniel Deronda " were not so well acclaimed.

" Middlemarch," 1871, her last and longest novel, was received with as much enthusiasm as " Adam Bede " and was her greatest commercial success.

" The Spectator " called her " the most melancholy of writers " and Lewes, upon whose judgment she relied, possibly encouraged this doleful strain by remarking after reading " The Sad Story of the Rev. Amos Barton "—" I think your pathos is better than your fun." The fact remains that most of the works suffer from a lack of humour.

George Eliot made a strict rule never to read any criticism of her work, Lewes acting as censor on all occasions and sheltering her from all disturbing influences. It may be questioned whether this rarefied atmosphere was beneficial to one whose outlook had never been broad.

Lewes's death in 1878 was a great blow, her health became affected and for a time all work was abandoned. Gradually recovering, she devoted herself to the arrangement of his unfinished work and the foundation of a scholarship for physiological research to perpetuate his memory. Then in May, 1880, when, as she wrote to a friend : " I had thought that life was ended and, so to speak, my coffin was ready for me in the next room "—she married Mr. J. W. Cross, a young man who had been introduced to her and Lewes by Herbert Spencer. The union, which promised to be a happy one, lasted but a few months, a serious relapse of her old malady occurred in the autumn and she died on the 22nd December.

Her letters, carefully edited by J. W. Cross, prove her to have been a woman of exceptional and remarkable ability. Her genius is undeniable but one cannot help wishing that she had known laughter and that in walking with intellectual kings, she had not lost the common touch.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR LEHMANN-HAUPT

We regret to record the death in July last, of Dr. Lehmann-Haupt, at the age of seventy-eight. He was the son of Dr. Emil Lehmann, who translated *Edwin Drood* into German by special arrangement with Dickens, and as our readers know, was an authority on the great mystery. Dr. Lehmann-Haupt was for many years Professor of Ancient Greek at Liverpool University.

DICKENS TO GEORGE ELIOT

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

[The famous letter written by Dickens to "George Eliot Esquire" holds a special place among the displayed letters in the British Museum; it has often been quoted, but rarely has it been printed in full. Mrs. Bacon's brief sketch of this great Victorian writer, provides us with the opportunity of printing this letter, together with a further letter dated eighteen months later, after "George Eliot" had revealed her identity to Dickens. This letter formed part of Count de Suzannet's magnificent collection, and has just been printed in full for the first time in the third volume of the Letters, Nonesuch edition.—Editor.]

Tavistock House, London, W.C.
Monday Eighteenth January 1858.

My Dear Sir,

I have been so strongly affected by the two first tales in the book you have had the kindness to send me through Messrs. Blackwood, that I hope you will excuse my writing to you to express my admiration of their extraordinary merit. The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humour and the pathos of those stories, I have never seen the like of; and they have influenced me in a manner that I should find it very difficult to describe to you, if I had the impertinence to try.

In addressing these few words of thankfulness, to the creator of the sad fortunes of Mr. Amos Barton, and the sad love-story of Mr. Gilfil, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one; but I should have been strongly disposed if I had been left to my own devices, to address the said writer as a woman. I have observed what seem to me to be womanly touches, in those moving fictions, that the assurance on the title-page is insufficient to satisfy me, even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself, mentally, so like a woman, since the world began.

You will not suppose that I have any vulgar wish to fathom your secret. I mention the point as one of great interest to me—not of mere curiosity. If it should ever suit your convenience and inclination, to shew me the face of the man or woman who has written so charmingly, it will be a very memorable occasion to me. If otherwise I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect, and shall yield myself up to all future utterances from the same source, with a perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better.

Your obliged and faithful Servant,
And Admirer,
Charles Dickens.

George Eliot, Esquire.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Sunday Tenth July 1859.

My Dear Madam—I have received your letter here this morning, with the greatest interest and pleasure. It is unnecessary for me to add that I have received it in confidence.

Believe me, when I wrote you on the subject of the Scenes of Clerical Life I did nothing but relieve my mind, very inadequately, of the strong feelings of admiration with which you had filled it. Wherever I went I said the same things, It was a rare and genuine delight to me to become acquainted in the spirit with so noble a writer ; and it would have been hardly less difficult to me to repress myself for good and all, than to repress my admiration of such genius.

This opportunity of writing to you, relieves me from a difficulty in which I have felt myself to be placed ever since you sent me Adam Bede, and for my extrication from which, I have always trusted to the result that has come—for I have always had the vanity to believe that I should one day hear from you as a real individual woman.

I had no means of acknowledging the receipt of that book but through Blackwoods and knowing at that time what changes I was going to make in my publishing arrangements, I had a great delicacy in suggesting to the Scotch (Publishing) mind through my after splicing of this and that together, that I had been waylaying you ! Confident that you could not doubt my enthusiasm after I had read the book. I therefore resolved not to write to George Elliot (sic), but to wait until I could write to you in person, whoever you might be.

Adam Bede has taken its place among the actual experiences and endurances of my life. Every high quality that was in the former book, is in that, with a World of Power added thereunto. The conception of Hetty's character is so extraordinarily subtle and true, that I laid the book down fifty times, to shut my eyes and think about it. I know nothing so skilful, determined and uncompromising. The whole country life that the story is set in, is so real, so droll and genuine and yet so select and polished by art, that I cannot praise it enough to you.

And that part of the book which follows Hetty's trial (and which I have observed to be not as widely understood as the rest) affected me far more than any other, and exalted my sympathy with the writer to its utmost height. You must not suppose I am writing this to you. I have been saying it over and over again, here and elsewhere until I feel in a ludicrously apologetic state for repeating myself in this paper.

I cannot conclude this note without touching on two heads. Firstly (Blackwood not now being the medium of Communication) if you should ever have the freedom and inclination to be a fellow labourer with me, it would yield me a pleasure that I have never known yet, and can never know otherwise ; and no channel that even you could command should be so profitable as to yourself. Secondly, I hope you will let me come to see you when we are all in or near London again, and tell you—as a curiosity—my reasons for the faith that was in me that you were a woman and for the absolute and never doubting confidence with which I have warned all men away from Adam Bede, and nailed my colours to the mast with " Eve " upon them.

A word of remembrance and regard to Lewes—and of congratulation—that I know he will feel and understand as I do.

My dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

Charles Dickens.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

AN EDITOR'S MEMORIES

" At the conclusion of one of my lectures on Dickens, given in N.W. London, a woman asked whether she could speak to me, and was brought up to the platform. ' I wanted to tell you, sir,' she said, ' that I was the original of Little Em'ly.' The evident pride with which she told me this rather surprised me ; it was not a thing that most women would talk about to strangers, even in their own older days. On my asking her a few questions it became clear that all she meant by ' the original ' was that, as a little child, she had been taken to Dickens's house in Devonshire Terrace by her mother, who did some charing there, and that Dickens had apparently taken notice of her when he was writing those chapters of *David Copperfield* in which the badly-treated Emily is first presented to us.

" The old woman with a Chinese husband, who had kept the opium den, near St. George's in the East, wherein Dickens makes Jasper in *Edwin Drood* seek forgetfulness and ecstasy, is long since dead, and the husband, Ah Sing, died in miserable circumstances in January, 1890. About two years earlier, in the course of a midnight wander in the East End, in the company of a detective and a legal friend, both of whom had some professional business in those parts, I visited ' Mr. Johnson,' as Ah Sing chose to be known. He was already in very low water. His small and gloomy room was fairly described as a ' den,' and the man who would lie in it and smoke opium must have been either naturally low or terribly degraded. He said that very few customers came to him, yet he frequently finished a remark by saying, ' But Goddee good to poor Chinaman.' "—" Memories of W. H. Helm." (Richards.)

* * * * *

DICKENS AND NOAH

" It is always possible to make that ship's company symbolical. picturesque, mythical even. But if they were real they were recognisable enough, very much the same people as those who gathered in that blessed and typical land-Ark, the Kitchen at Dingley Dell.

" There can be few scenes in English literature that illustrate Noah better. Noah and Wardle were of the same profession and much the same nature. Neither was a person to be argued with. Wardle ran to daughters and sons-in-law rather than to sons and daughters-in-law, but by character he must have been the same choleric, capable person, and would have acquitted himself well in any flood that might have occurred in the Kentish valley in which he lived. He may not have had a wife who could cause as much trouble as Noah's is reported, not in the narrative in Genesis, but in the folk play, to have done. But he had his old mother. And there hung round him a halo of poor relations : we need not inquire too closely into their relationship, but certainly such people were not lacking in Noah's entourage. Above all, Wardle had those unattached female relatives that were so serious a problem to him in the early days of the nineteenth century."—"Noah," by R. H. Mottram. (Biblical Biogr. Ser., 9.) (Rich and Cowan.)

LORD GEORGE GORDON

"Lord George Gordon was one of those minor actors from the historical point of view, though few men loomed larger in the public eye during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Dickens, in *Barnaby Rudge*, describes the riots accurately enough, but his Lord George does not remotely resemble the Lord George of fact, and the characters associated with him are mere caricatures; the mingling of real characters with the creations of fiction are seldom satisfactory.

"He [Crabbe] describes him in a letter as 'a lively-looking young man in appearance and nothing more, though just now the reigning hero,' a very different description from that given us by Dickens.

"[Dr. Robert] Watson . . . asserts that 'the unprincipled lawless *banditti* who commenced the riots were set on foot by French agents.' Certainly Watson had lived for several years in France, and he had also been in America. But one cannot help feeling that with him the wish was father to the thought.

"Charles Dickens appears to have accepted this statement. Dickens, however, was a novelist, not a serious historian, and naturally used any material which added to the topical interest of his narrative.

"But no one in his own day suggested that he [Gordon] was insane. This is significant, considering that Dickens hints that he was suffering from religious mania, and the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' as we have seen, says that had he lived in the present day he would have been confined in an asylum instead of a gaol."—"The Strange History of Lord George Gordon," by Percy Colson. (Hale.)

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BRIGHTON

"At No. 60 West Street, Dickens stayed in 1849, but owing to the mad conduct of the landlord and his daughter, he went off to the Bedford Hotel.

". . . the Grand Concert Hall, which was opened with a series of excellent concerts, in which the leading artists of the day appeared. Dickens gave four readings there from his own works."—"Old Brighton," by F. Harrison and J. S. North. (The Authors, 44 Market Street, Brighton.)

* * * * *

DICKENSIAN ARTISTS

"It is even possible, in Hogarth, to be reminded of the late Victorian novels of Mr. H. G. Wells. If he is in this relationship to Wells, Hogarth is closer still to Dickens. But these intangible ties of blood begin to give us his stature. Hogarth is a great man, a great painter; but, like Dickens, or H. G. Wells, or Bernard Shaw, he is not an artist, that is to say he is lacking in all poetry or sense of beauty.

"Hogarth, who we may think it is certain would have been on the side of Dickens in his satirical comments upon the pre-Raphaelite brethren, could not have found the aestheticism of Rossetti to his taste.

"Hablot K. Browne, better known as 'Phiz.' It was 'Phiz' who drew most of the illustrations for *Pickwick*, and all the illustrations for *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*; in fact, 'Phiz' was the illustrator of Dickens. These must be among the

most-widely circulated drawings in the world. They are known to everyone. The popular conception of the novels of Dickens has been much influenced by this visual interpretation of their characters, done with the approval, and often by the personal direction, of their author. But Hablot K. Browne, in spite of this, understates their message. He was an indifferent draughtsman gifted with a certain charm and a light and easy humour. He is never dramatic. If his engravings are compared with those by Cruikshank for *Oliver Twist* the inferiority of ' Phiz ' is to be seen at the first glance. There were better artists than ' Phiz,' who, because they were not associated with a Dickens, never attained the fame they deserved. Such was R. W. Buss. . . . "—" Narrative Pictures : a Survey of English Genre and its Painters," by Sacheverall Sitwell. (Batsford.)

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" . . . the Judicature Act set the crown upon a great achievement and consolidated the superior courts into the form in which we know them to-day. The success of this branch of reform may be measured by the fact that whereas Dickens's great attack upon Chancery in *Bleak House* was of topical urgency when it was written in 1853, by the end of the century the story of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce had come to seem nothing more than an unreal fantasy."—" Hanged by a Comma," by E. S. Fay. (Lovat Dickson.)

* * * * *

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

" Until Charlotte Brontë had achieved ' Jane Eyre,' the love between men and women had been treated by the novelists in one of two ways : as Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett had done, merely as a physical passion, or as Thackeray and Dickens had conceived it as a lukewarm affection existing between the dominant male and his lawful possession.

Charlotte, like her great contemporary, Charles Dickens, possessed creative imagination of the highest type. She did not use so large a canvas as Dickens, but like him she dealt with the inner life and private passions of her characters. Her imaginative genius, as shown in ' Villette,' has only been surpassed by that of her own sister Emily in ' Wuthering Heights,' and by Charles Dickens himself."—" The Miracle of Haworth," by W. B. White. (University of London Press.)

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THE MODERN RUDGE

" First there was Caesar. Caesar's real name was Rudge and he was butler, footman, messenger boy, shoe cleaner, gossip, and friend to the Delaney family. He was known also as the Dickens character, being a remarkable combination of Weller, Pickwick, Poor Joe, Traddles, Mark Tapley, and now and again (Delaney said) Silas Wegg, all these raised on a basis of Cockney."—" The Joyful Delaneys," by Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan.)

ROCHESTER'S DICKENSIAN GUIDE

We regret to record the death of Mr. Edwin Harris at the age of seventy-nine. It was only recently that he retired from the office of Hon. Official Guide to Dickensian Rochester after having served in that capacity for many years, during which time he rendered great and willing service to thousands of Dickens lovers.

THE DUTY OF THE FELLOWSHIP

MR. HARRY E. EVANS, Chairman of the Council of the Dickens Fellowship, in his address to the Conference at Manchester, said :—

The history of English literature was dominated by one outstanding character and two epochs, each of which produced a man who stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Their relative merits need not be discussed, for each, in his own sphere, was unique and totally dissimilar from the others. First in order of date was Chaucer, the second Shakespeare, and the third Dickens. If, therefore, we would know our langugage and how to use it, we must read extensively at least one of these three writers, not to the exclusion of others, but as a groundwork of comparison upon which to venture intelligent criticism.

This programme of reading would not commend itself to everybody, for it must be remembered that the average man was very fully occupied. Current thought and current events forced themselves upon his attention, and he could not and should not escape them. He must earn his own living. He must also learn something of the literature of his country, for such is his inheritance to be preserved for the thousand generations yet to come. This responsibility rested on everybody, but not in equal degree. On professional men of letters and the press it bore heavily, for language was their stock-in-trade, to be kept clean and wholesome ; but to others, cares, responsibilities and obligations in other directions were insistent. The individual responsibility was less, but still existed. How then was this responsibility to be met ?

The first answer was to know Chaucer, know Shakespeare, and know Dickens. But, maybe, this burden was heavy ; where then must we make our choice ? Chaucer, the father of English, Shakespeare, of profound philosophy, or Dickens.

To the majority of us, serious reading had to be a matter of choice. Such choice, in the first place, must be dictated by personal temperament, preference, or experience, but if there were no strong leaning in any direction, the author most suited to the ordinary man was Dickens. His infinite capacity for telling us better than seems possible what we already know ; for showing us more clearly than any other medium what we can see for ourselves ; his power to make ordinary mortals do ordinary things, seem worth while considering ; he, above all others, who used our language, and our language *only*, without the aid of anybody else's, was capable of showing the finest shades of meaning ; of showing satire, humour, comedy, farce ; showing tragedy, drama, pathos, and sometimes bathos. The language used was modern, with few obsolete words. Many of the characters were within the personal experience of the average man, and no education was required beyond an ordinary elementary school education, and yet there was constant interest not greatly diminished by repeated reading and the advantage to the reader of a steadily increasing comprehension of that great mystery, human nature.

Here was a simple means whereby the ordinary man could by improving his own literary education, do his share in the maintenance of our language and literature. He need be asked for no more, but that minimum was a bounden duty.

One of the objects of the Fellowship was to knit together in a common bond of fellowship lovers of the man whose name it bears. Would it not be reasonable to read into these words a duty to extend the knowledge and stimulate the love of his work? The Fellowship had a place of some importance in the scheme of things, for it had in its care one of our important means of intellectual development. This meant that the Fellowship should become stronger numerically year by year, and this was probably its most important function; but we should also aspire to a deeper knowledge ourselves, and in particular get this Dickens in the right perspective. This was not easy. We were prone to over-praise and thereby expose ourselves to attack. One newspaper, reviewing a eulogy of Dickens, says: "Having cast a cosmic eye upon the centuries in all their manifestations, and having set the antennæ of his sensitive intuition quivering into the far reaches of futurity, Mr. Leacock has spotted the supreme artist of time past, present and to be. An august judge, sitting at the confluence of all æons, he has awarded the red rosette."

Care should therefore be taken that enthusiasm did not lead to extravagance lest some such logician be ready to pounce.

Dickens was a very great writer, but that did not mean that every sentence he wrote was great. Mr. C. E. Montague says that some writers are "natural spell-binders of the first order. Dickens is like that. In the strength of his enormous enjoyment and humaneness, he can carry off anything. He can bluff through anything. He is like one of those marvellous constitutions that can defy all common rules of health." There was much truth in this, and the fact probably accounted for the opinions of some people who generously disliked Dickens. Having experienced the spell-binding and seen through it, they had suffered an early disillusionment with the result that a certain bitterness crept in and grew into active dislike. Such people must be persuaded to try again and shown that although Dickens might be out of joint with his readers on occasional points this was exceptional and generally contact was sympathetic and understanding instant. On such matters we could inform the public, and it was our duty to do so not only for the sake of the Fellowship but as our duty to posterity. It was possible that our language might survive the race and join the dead languages for the edification of scholars of the far-distant future. But meantime it was very much alive and was the most potent means of intercommunication and understanding the world possessed. The Dickens Fellowship was one of the important bodies which contributed to the general knowledge and understanding of it. The Fellowship must therefore be developed at all possible times in all possible ways. It was the duty of everybody to honour all men who used our language with sincere artistic genius, and not the least of these was Charles Dickens.

CONCERNING *A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND*

By W. KENT

DICKENS occasionally dropped into history, as Mr. Silas Wegg did into poetry. The descent was not so far as the case of Wegg's creator. The clever reviewers who haunted Keats would, however. have dubbed both of them as of the cockney school. William Allingham, in his diary in 1853, wrote of " Dickens's cockney *History of England.*" The self-sufficiency of the classical man, remarked upon by George Meredith, can be matched by the audacity of the self-made variety. Dickens had many great qualities, but his literary approach was never marked by awe. He did not stand with bated breath upon the shores of the great sea of knowledge, fearing that the floods might wash him down. He threw in a few pebbles, confident that the splashes would provide ample samples of water for his analysis.

It was *A Child's History* he attempted. This was some recognition of his limitations. He might have said, by way of explanation, that the adults were too hopelessly in the grip of the professional historians for any effectual salvation from delusions about the past. He wanted to work upon a virgin soil, to write upon a clean sheet—not a palimpsest. This, however, would hardly have been the whole truth. It was not intellectual zest, a yearning to revivify for the living the life of the dead past, that made Dickens put pen to paper. Once again it was emotional prodding that pressed him on. He must be first and foremost a moral historian, and his objective was clearly stated in a letter to Miss (afterwards Baroness) Burdett Coutts in 1843. " I have some idea of writing him [his eldest son] a *Child's History of England* to the end that he may have tender-hearted notions of War and Murder, and may not fix his affections on wrong heroes, or see the bright side of Glory's sword and know nothing of the rusty one."

The idea saw fruition in 1851, when publication commenced in *Household Words.* It was concluded in 1853. The instalments appeared intermittently, and the whole of the work (eventually published in three volumes) was dictated to Miss Georgina Hogarth. These facts suggest that Dickens was rather languid about the matter; other children had succeeded Charlie, rather rapidly, and he felt a little despairing about securing the historical salvation of all of them So he worked by fits and starts, probably using some elementary history book and decorating with rhetorical embroidery as he proceeded.

It is not surprising, therefore, that here we get the same old Dickens, and that for this reason the late G. K. Chesterton was quite enthusiastic about it. It was as tendencious as his own " History of England." He took a leaf out of Dickens's book, and really wrote so that the children of his generation might have tender thoughts for the Roman Catholic Church, and not fix their affections on wrong, *i.e.* Protestant, heroes, or see the bright side of the Reformation, and not its darker

aspects. "Here we may read," wrote G.K.C. of Dickens's book, "in plain popular language, written by a man whose genius for popular the exposition has never been surpassed among men, a brief account of origin and meaning of England as it seemed to the average Englishman of that age. The history tells us nothing about the periods that it talks about; but it tells us a great deal about the period in which it was written. It is in no sense a history of England from the Roman invasion, but it is certainly one of the documents which will contribute to a history of England in the nineteenth century."

It is certainly an enjoyable book—as a Dickensian document. Here is the old sheep and goats division; the same "merciless military eye, a field-punishment eye" that Henry James discerned in Dickens. In this history, as in the novels, "the wickedness of his villains," as Sir Robertson Nicoll said, "is always flaming and blazing like a house on fire." Dunstan objected to King Edwy marrying his cousin "because he was an imperious, audacious, ill-conditioned priest, who, having loved a young lady himself before he became a sour monk, hated all love now, and everything belonging to it." In short, Dunstan was as stupidly wed to his church as Dombey to his business. King John was "a miserable brute"; Henry VIII was "a corpulent brute," "grunting and growling in his own fat way like a royal pig." Finally, "the plain truth" (as though it had been delicately wrapped before) "is that he was a most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the History of England." There is no mercy for Queen Mary. "There was a bad fever raging in England . . . and I am glad to write that the queen took it, and the hour of her death came. As BLOODY QUEEN MARY this woman has become famous, and as BLOODY QUEEN MARY she will ever be justly remembered with horror and detestation in Great Britain." Such language (and such capitals) reveal a courage worthy of Bernard Shaw, when one remembers that Dickens wrote when there reigned a young queen who did not like bad language. James I gets his villain's certificate with special distinction. "He was cunning, wasteful, idle, drunken, greedy, dirty, cowardly, a great swearer, and the most conceited man on earth." He is called "his sowship" throughout. Charles II "would have received his just deserts" had he died like his father; James II was "a gloomy, sullen, bilious sort of man, with a remarkable partiality for the ugliest women in the country."

How infallibly, too, Dickens seized upon historical melodrama. The death-bed of William the Conqueror resembles that of Scrooge in the vision of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. "The moment he was dead . . . the mercenary servants of the Court began to rob and plunder; the body of the king in the indecent strife, was rolled from the bed, and lay alone for hours upon the ground. O Conqueror, of whom so many great names are proud now, of whom so many great names thought nothing then, it were better to have conquered one true heart than England." The legend about the father of Thomas á Becket is treated with unparalleled wealth of detail:

> " The merchant was sitting in his counting-house in London one day, when he heard a great noise in the street, and presently Richard his servant came running in from the warehouse with his eyes wide open and his breath almost gone, saying ' Master, master, here is the Saracen Lady ! ' . . . Then he took the merchant by the sleeve, and pointed out of window ; and there they saw her . . . in her foreign dress, so forlorn, surrounded by a wondering crowd, and passing slowly along calling ' Gilbert, Gilbert.' When the merchant saw her, and thought of the tenderness she had shown him in his captivity, and of her constancy, his heart was moved, and he ran down into the street, and she saw him coming, and with a great cry fainted in his arms. They were married without loss of time . . . and they all lived happily ever afterwards."

One assumes that the common sequel of marriage in Dickens's fiction did not include hearing of the murder of their son in Canterbury Cathedral ! This reunion is reminiscent of that of Walter Gay and Florence Dombey. When, too, we read that Queen Eleanor " with her own red lips " sucked the poison from the wound of Edward I, and that the assailant had " bright, dark eyes and white teeth," was a " tiger," and " made a spring at his heart," we think of a Carker foiled by a Florence Dombey.

Naturally Joan of Arc attracted Dickens's attention. He, however, treats her like a fractious child, thereby provoking protest from Andrew Lang who, alone before Chesterton, deemed *A Child's History of England* worthy of an essay to itself. Of the saints and their communications, Dickens wrote : " She had long been a moping, fanciful girl, and, though she was a very good girl, I daresay she was a little vain, and wishful for notoriety." The Dickensian moral seems to be that Joan, like Tattycoram, should have been dealt with firmly though kindly by her guardians. Mr. Meagles would have countenanced her to count twenty before she spoke of her voices, and then perhaps they would have been dumb. Mary Queen of Scots is dealt with almost as ruthlessly as in Froude's pages. When her head " was held up, streaming with blood, the real hair beneath the false hair she had long worn was seen to be as gray as that of a woman of seventy, though she was at that time only in her forty-sixth year. All her beauty was gone." Dickens also makes it possible for the sentimental reader to believe (he does not actually say it) that her pet dog then properly expired—like Dora's !

Dickens's excuse for winding up his history is hardly plausible. " The events which succeeded the famous Revolution of one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, would neither be easily related nor easily understood in such a book as this." The fact probably was that Dickens felt a little nervous of his black and white historical sketches as he approached his own time. He may have felt like Johnson in writing his life of Addison, " as the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished." So Dickens telescopes his story and concludes it, like a novel, with marriage bells—for Queen Victoria.

The real reason for this rush was that Dickens grew tired of such commerce with facts, so much aspersed in the character of Gradgrind, when his head teemed with glorious fiction. Writing to Wills, assistant editor of *Household Words*, while the *Child's History* was in progress, he drew attention to " a very pretty bit in it, describing the drowning of the son of Henry the First." It was, however, better to be able to give entire rein to the imagination, as in the drowning of a Ham Peggoty and Steerforth, so Dickens made haste to leave the stage of history for the field of fiction. All his readers enjoy him most there ; but those who neglect entirely *A Child's History of England* miss a succulent morsel of the great Leviathan of fiction.

DICKENS PILGRIMS AT KNEBWORTH AND ROCKINGHAM

The Dickens Fellowship's Annual Pilgrimage from London on June 25th was to two great country houses closely associated with the novelist—Knebworth House in Hertfordshire, and Rockingham Castle in Northamptonshire.

At the former the party was received by the Earl of Lytton who conducted them over his ancestral home. The chief points of interest to Dickensians were the Library where were seen the manuscripts of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's novels and a great collection of letters from Dickens to his friend ; and the old Banquet Hall that saw some of the notable dramatic performances organised by Dickens and his friends. Bulwer Lytton was of course prominent in this group for which he wrote " Not so Bad as We Seem " which was performed up and down the country in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art, a favourite scheme of his and Dickens to provide a peaceful habitation for writers and artists who had fallen on evil times. Lytton presented a site near Knebworth for this effort, and souvenirs of the performances are preserved in the Hall.

Lunch was taken at the Hind Hotel, Wellingborough, where the party was joined by members of the Wellingborough Branch.

At Rockingham Castle, the Chesney Wold of *Bleak House*, the party was received by Lady Culme-Seymour representing her son, Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the great grand-son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson to whom *David Copperfield* was dedicated. The castle was several times visited by the novelist and here too he organised amateur theatricals. Lady Culme-Seymour drew attention to many features of the house described in the novel, including the Picture Gallery, the Ghost Walk, and the Norman Gateway. Tea was taken in the very pretty village at the Sondes Armes, the Deadlock Arms of *Bleak House*. The long journey back to London was interrupted by a visit to the interesting ruins of the notable 17th-century Kirby Hall, which completed a day full of interest and pleasure.

L. C. S.

Dickensian Peeps into Punch. A continuation of this series will appear in the Winter number.

DICKENS AT THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN

WHILE giving readings in Glasgow in February, 1867, Dickens was glad to retire to The Bridge of Allan for a day or two to rest. The Bridge of Allan in the County of Stirling (now more of a town than it was then) lies in a beautiful situation some 35 miles from Glasgow, enjoys a mild, temperate climate and is famed for its mineral baths and well.

Dickens had been feeling the effects of strenuous exertions, for, writing to his sister-in-law from The Bridge of Allan on 19th February, 1867, he stated that he was so unwell that he had written to Frank Beard. Dr. Beard had obviously replied at once, for the following prescription, taken from the books of a local chemist and now made available through the courtesy of Mr. Miles Leith, Chemist, The Bridge of Allan, was made up :

Charles Dickens, Esq.

℞

Ext. Taraxaci	℥vi
Acid. Hydrochlor. dil.	♏iv
Tinc. aurant.	♏iv
Aq. Dist. ad	℥vi
Ft. Mist.	

Sig. One tablespoonful by the measure glass or a dessert-spoonful by the spoon to be taken at breakfast and dinner in a wine glassful of water.

Dickens went to The Bridge of Allan full of faith for he finished his letter thus :

> " The quiet of this little place is sure to do me good. The little inn in which we are established seems a capital house of the best country sort."

Writing from Glasgow to his daughter two days later, he acknowledged the benefit he had received :

> " After two days' rest at the Bridge of Allan I am in renewed force and have nothing to complain of but inability to sleep. I have been in excellent air all day since Tuesday at noon and made an interesting walk to Stirling yesterday and saw its lions and (strange to relate) was not bored by them. Indeed they left me so fresh that I knocked at the gate of the prison, presented myself to the Governor and took Dolby over the jail to his unspeakable interest. We then walked back again to our excellent country inn."

The " excellent country inn " was then known as Phillips' Hotel and is now the Royal Hotel, so extended and improved, as to be a first-class modern hotel. A happy thought inspired the proprietor, Mr. Roderick Gillies, to celebrate, on 19th February, 1938, the 71st anniversary of the visit of the famous Victorian novelist by inviting as his guests, to a dinner, representatives from the Glasgow Dickens Society, the Edinburgh Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, Mr. William Power, the eminent Scottish author and Past President of the Scottish

P.E.N. Club, and Mr. Alexander Morrison, solicitor, The Bridge of Allan. The memory of Charles Dickens was proposed with eloquence by Mr. James Hume, M.A., Vice-President of the Glasgow Dickens Society and reverently pledged by the Company. Other speeches followed. In the course of the evening it was suggested by Mr. W. A. Adams Cairns, President of the Edinburgh Branch, that the two Societies might join in erecting a mural tablet to commemorate the stay of Dickens at the Royal Hotel. This proposal was received with acclamation and being subsequently submitted to the respective societies was enthusiastically approved.

On Saturday, 25th June, in the presence of a large company of representatives of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Societies and local personalities the tablet was unveiled.

Mr. W. A. Adams Cairns presided and at the outset read a letter received from the Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, London, paying a tribute to the catholicity of the Scots in thus honouring an English novelist. After narrating the circumstances under which the tablet came to be erected and pointing out that it was the first of its kind in Scotland, the Chairman invited Mrs. Cowan Lees, O.B.E., J.P., of the Glasgow Society, to unveil the tablet.

Mrs. Cowan Lees, in a delightful speech, recalled Dickens's keen eye for detecting social evils and how he set himself courageously to remedy them ; how, by his kindly humour, he had given pleasure to thousands ; and how proud and grateful we must be for the creative genius and gifts of such a man. The erection of the plaque, she asserted, would convey to coming generations admiration for Charles Dickens and his works. Mr. William Power conveyed the thanks of the company to Mrs. Cowan Lees, remarking how characteristic it was that when Charles Dickens was in the neighbourhood his first thought was for the unfortunates, and consequently visited the jail.

A comprehensive vote of thanks by Sir Joseph Dobbie, Edinburgh, to all who had taken part, replied to by Mr. Christie Cowan, B.L., Glasgow, and Mr. Alexander Morrison, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman proposed by Mr. W. H. Rutherfurd, terminated the proceedings.

The mural tablet is of bronze with a characteristic profile representation of Dickens and bears the following inscription :

Charles Dickens
7th February, 1812—9th June, 1870.
Stayed at this Hotel from 19th to 21st February, 1867.
W.A.A.C.

DICKENS NAMES IN REAL LIFE

To supplement the notes on pages 158 and 161 of the 1936 *Dickensian*, Mr. R. H. Kelly, of Northampton, sends us a note to say that he has discovered the name "Chadband" above a general stores in the Warwickshire village of Wellesbourne Hastings, and is now looking for a Snagsby and a Tulkinghorn ! On referring to the London Telephone Directory we find there is a Mr. Chadband living at Epsom, Surrey.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

ADELAIDE.
Sept. 19—Lantern Display of Dickens scenes and characters, " Back from the Sea " (*Dombey and Son*), by the Players.
Oct. 17—Lectures by Miss Olive Carter, " Dickens's *Sketches*,' and by Mr. T. C. Woodburn, *Great Expectations*. Players in " Estella, Biddy, and Pip."
Nov. 21—Lecture by Mr. W. J. Adey, Director of Education, on " Dickens." " The Thieves' Kitchen," by the Players.
Dec. 12—Christmas Party.

BRIGHTON.
Oct. 20—Presidential Address by Mr. A. W. Oke, B.A., followed by Dickens Sketches.
Nov. 24—" The Versatility of Dickens," with illustrations, by Miss L. M. Webb.

EDINBURGH.
Oct. 20—Address by Professor Charles Sarolea.
Nov. 3—Résumé of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. W. A. Adams Cairns.
17—Lecture by Mr. James Fisher, " Dickens and Thackeray—A Contrast."

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.
Sept. 21—Presidential Address by Sir William Power. Variety Programme No. 5: Mr. C. J. Robinson and Mrs. Barber.
Oct. 19—Lecture-Recital by Mr. J. H. McNulty, " All the Year Round."
Nov. 16—Lecture by Mr. T. W. Hill, " Dickens as a Letter-writer."

LEYTON.
Sept. 28—Recital by Mr. F. S. Johnson, " Humour and Pathos of Dickens."
Oct. 26—Lecture by Mr. J. D. Billington, " Railways in Dickens's Day."

LONDON.
Sept. 17—Ramble. " The Angel to Fagin's Den," conducted by Mr. S. J. Rust.
Oct. 10—" Trial of Some Dickens Criminals." Judge: Mr. S. J. Rust. Prosecuting Counsel: Mr. P. T. Carden.
15—Ramble, " Golden Square and Soho," by Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller.
Nov. 8—Lecture, " Dickens and the Thames," by Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C.
12—Ramble, " Round About St. Paul's," by Mr. George F. Young.

MANCHESTER.
Oct. 7—Address by the President, Mr. F. R. Dean.
21—Lantern Lecture by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, " The Drama of Chesney Wold."
Nov. 4—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, " Dickens Then and Now."
18—Annual Dinner.

ST. PANCRAS.
Oct. 1—Visit of Regional Group 6 to Lambeth Palace.
17—President's Evening.
Nov. 14—" A Literary ' In Town To-night,' " by Mr. J. H. McNulty.
19—Visit to Old Battersea House.

SYDNEY.
Sept. 23—Lecture by Mr. J. A. McCallum, B.A.
Oct. 28—Lecture by Mr. Jno. D. Holmes, B.A., LL.B., " Dickens and the Law."
Nov. 25—Members' Papers on *Bleak House*, arranged by Mrs. R. C. Smith.

VANCOUVER.
Sept. 22—Lecture by Judge Howay, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
Oct. 27—Lecture by Rev. F. W. B. Smelt, " Dickens as a Public Speaker."
Nov. 24—Lecture by Rev. Andrew Roddan, " A Personal Dickens Pilgrimage."

A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE TO AN IMMORTAL MEMORY

On 30th May last a group of over forty prominent citizens of Moline and Rock Island, Illinois, U.S.A., headed by their respective Mayors, contributed floral offerings to the grave of Captain Francis Jeffrey Dickens, " as a token of good will and affection for his illustrious father." Francis Jeffery was Dickens's third son ; he was born in 1844, distinguished himself in the service of the North-West Mounted Police of Canada, and died in the United States of America in 1886.

With such enthusiasts, we confidently look forward to the establishment of branches both in Moline and Rock Island. The original suggestion of the offering came from Dr. Arthur E. Williams.

THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating), and Rates		84 16 0	
,, Printing and Stationery		36 3 6	
,, Salaries	312 0 0		
Less Contributed by "The Dickens House"	130 0 0		
		182 0 0	
,, General Expenses and Postage	79 7 6		
Less Amount charged to *The Dickensian*	74 15 6		
		4 12 0	
			307 11 6
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members		96 17 3	
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries		11 6 6	
			108 3 9
,, Meetings			30 5 0
,, Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure—			
Donation to Cot Fund		15 15 0	
Sundry Donations, Toys, and Christmas Entertainments Account		45 8 3	
Essay Competition Prizes		3 9 0	
			64 12 3
,, Depreciation—			
Library, Pictures and Furniture			7 11 5
			£518 3 11

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sundry Creditors		14 11 9
The Dickensian Current Account		117 6 11
Life Membership Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1936	309 15 0	
Subscriptions received during the period	10 10 0	
		320 5 0
Badges Account—		
As at 31st December, 1936	4 10 7	
Excess of Receipts over Payments during the period	2 1 4	
		6 11 11
Special Reserve Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1936	748 7 6	
Add Legacy received during the period	10 0 0	
		758 7 6
Advertising Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1936	104 0 5	
Less Payments during the period	28 17 7	
		75 2 10
Costume Department—		
Excess of Income over Expenditure to date		156 0 2
Dramatic Section—		
Excess of Income over Expenditure to date		1 10 3
Income and Expenditure Account—		
Balance at 31st December, 1936, Dickens Fellowship	221 15 2	
The Dickensian	8 8 3	
	230 3 5	
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year		
Dickens Fellowship	28 0 3	
The Dickensian	92 6 11	
	120 7 2	
		109 16 3
		£1559 12 7

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry London, E.C.2.

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1937.

Cr.

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Subscriptions—		
Headquarters' Members	301 8 2	
Branches	114 3 9	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (*less* Tax)	9 12 3	
		425 4 2
,, Interest on Loan to Dickens House (Gross)		10 0 0
,, Receipts for Charity—		
Sundry Donations	34 0 1	
Interest on 4% Consols (Gross)	4 14 6	
		38 14 7
,, Excess of Receipts over Payments in respect of Special Functions		16 4 11
,, Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income carried to Balance Sheet		28 0 3
		£518 3 11

AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1937.

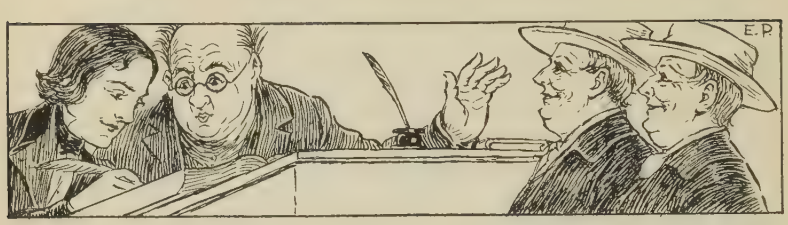
ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment at cost—		
As at 31st December, 1936, £317 17s. 11d. 4% Consols	309 15 0	
Purchased during the period, £9 6s. 11d. 4% Consols	10 10 0	
(Market Value 31st December, 1937, £358.)		320 5 0
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
As at 31st December, 1936, £118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols		105 0 0
(Market Value 31st December, 1937, £129.)		
Investment, at cost—		
£4 13s. 6d. 4% Consols		5 5 0
(Market value 31st December, 1937, £5).		
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st December, 1936	61 19 9	
Additions during the period	13 14 6	
	75 14 3	
Less Depreciation at 10%	7 11 5	
		68 2 10
The Tyrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost		75 0 0
Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon	10 0 0	
	560 0 0	
Contribution Account	65 0 0	
		625 0 0
Costume Department—		
Cash at Bank and in Hand		141 0 2
Dramatic Section—		
Cash in Hand		1 10 3
Cash at Bank	215 6 2	
Cash in Hand	3 3 2	
		218 9 4
		£1559 12 7

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants.

13*th April*, 1938. *Hon. Auditors.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Drawn by] [*Ed. F. Payne*

A MISSING WORD

I used to wonder why the word "scientist" was not found in *The Pickwick Papers* or *The Mudfog Papers*. Now I find that this term was not coined until 1840. In that year the following statement appeared in a publication described by the New English Dictionary as "Philos. Induct. Sci." :—

"We need very much a name to describe a cultivator of science in general. I should incline to call him a Scientist."

OLIVER D. SAVAGE.

ON INTRODUCING ONESELF TO DICKENS

I do not agree with all the conclusions of Mr. P. Claxton Williams. Excellent though *A Tale of Two Cities* is in many ways, it stands apart from Dickens's other works. I believe it is a recognised fact that there are many people who like *A Tale of Two Cities*, but do not care much for the other books. *Great Expectations* might be quite a good book to commence with, but I entirely disagree with Mr. Claxton Williams when he says that it is "an inferior tale." On the contrary, I should say it is one of Dickens's best books. Mr. Bernard Darwin states that he had it on the "best possible authority" that Dickens placed *Great Expectations* next to *David Copperfield* in his own order of preference.

In my view the best books for the beginner are what I conceive to be the best books that Dickens wrote, viz.: *David Copperfield* and *The Pickwick Papers*. If anyone can read these two books without feeling their wonderful charm and power, I doubt whether he will ever be a true Dickensian. If, however, they do appeal to him, then I agree with Mr. Claxton Williams that it does not matter much in what order the remainder of the books are taken, although it would certainly give an added interest to read the whole of Dickens's novels in the order in which they were written.

W. P. WOOLLIAMS.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

The Letters of Charles Dickens, edited by Walter Dexter, 3 volumes (Part of "The Nonesuch Dickens"). Nonesuch Press, Ltd.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Authenticated Boz," by E. V. Lucas. *Sunday Times*, 24th April.

"The Poet and the Waxwork." *The Times* (leading article), 9th June.

"A Casual Commentary," by Barnard Darwin, illustrated. *Country Life*, 2nd July.

"Count de Suzannet's Sale of Letters, etc.," illustrated. *Sphere*, 2nd July.

"Trabbs's Boy," by E.H.J. *Christian World*. 30th June.

"Brighton and a Great Novelist," by Arthur Wilde. *Brighton Gazette*, 11th June.

"Mr. Pickwick's World," by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 15th July.

"Letters of Charles Dickens" reviewed: *The Scotsman*, Vol. I, 16th May, Vol. II, 16th June, Vol. III, 28th July. *Manchester Guardian*, by B. Ifor Evans, Vol. I, 21st June, Vols. II and III, 9th August; *New Statesman*, by David Garrett, 4th June; *Western Mail*, by J. W. T. Ley, 26th May; *Birmingham Post*, 11th June; *Bristol Evening World*, 4th June; *Times Lit. Sup.*, 21st May; *Daily Telegraph*, 27th May; *Daily Herald*, 26th May; *Yorkshire Post*, 1st June; *Sunday Times*, by Ralph Straus, 29th May; *Belfast News Letter*, 26th May; *Bookseller*, 2nd June; *News Chronicle*, by Robert Lynd, 8th July; *Observer*, by G. M. Young, 1st August; *Yorkshire Post*, by Roger Fulford, 15th August.

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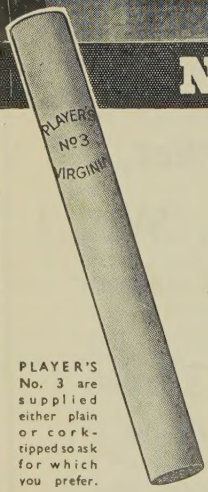

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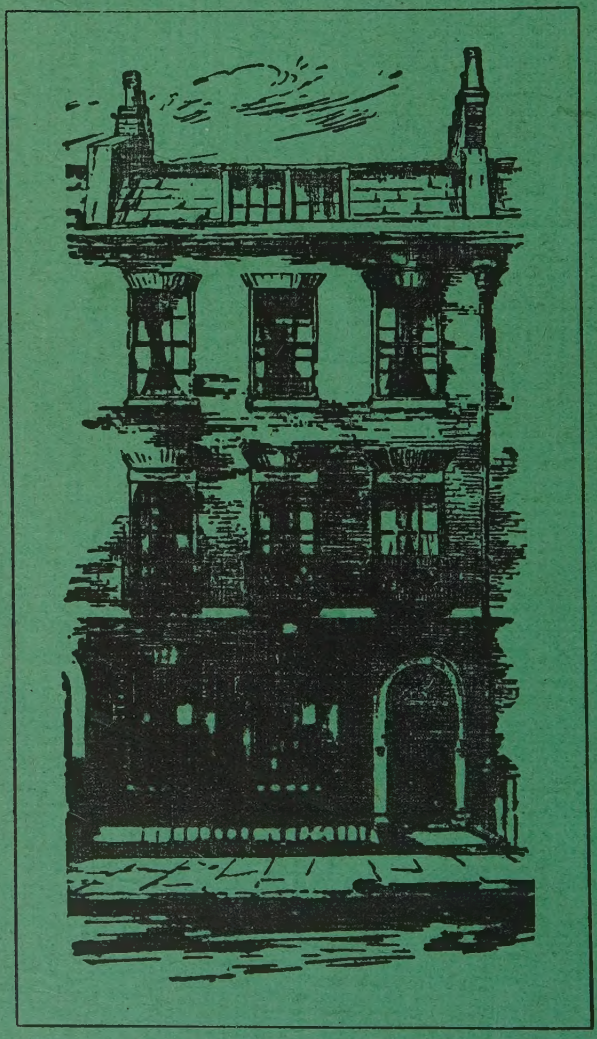

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